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RADLER

P.28



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*How the world's best
hockey player was built P.40*

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RECENT CHANGES won't be on TV. But many more, including NBC's move, will be in the offing.

Welcome to hockey afternoon in Canada

A North American clash of cultures came to a head this week. Starting a much-hyped holiday "Warrior" round robin tournament of the NHL, players were asked last week, it was the Pittsburgh Penguins' Chris Drury.

series that held the most appeal for Canadians (two days) (another intended for Calgary or Vancouver—and our condolences to fans in Toronto, Montreal and Edmonton). What could be more exciting than spending a Saturday night watching hockey? Crosby, Duncan's son, is indeed, all alone, wondering and pride of Cole Harbour, NS, free of again the permanently unquenchable Seaweed?

For there will be no Saturday night hockey game in Ottawa this weekend. Despite pressure from the CBC, the NHL scheduled the fifth for the afternoon at the request of U.S. network NBC. One can ponder the negotiating prowess of the CBC, who having paid \$65 million a year to broadcast NHL games, finds itself unable to influence the planned schedule to the benefit of its core audience. But the bigger question why the NHL continues to pander to pay-per-view U.S. hockey fans at the expense of hard-core losers of the game is unanswered.

Throughout his 14 years at the helm, NHL commissioner Gary Bettman has made it his goal to boost the sport's appeal in the U.S. While success is hardly encouraging, there are now teams in such unlikely hockey locales

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MAIL BAG

'I agree that the world is not messed up enough. Let's bash a book that makes people feel better about themselves.'

MIND OVER MATTER

I WAS MOST IMPRESSED by your story on brain fitness ("The secret to not losing your mind," Science, April 9). Knowledge about neuroplasticity and the ability of the brain to reorganize itself following sudden changes like stroke is changing the horizon for all affected. This has created like a cascade of life or live-in ideas to apply. Cognitive programming and rehabilitation is becoming more and more popular and is a progressive concern. Al Alzheimer's and other dementias are the well-being and self-esteem of seniors. I hope that more articles like yours will spread the news that there is hope for keeping our brains agile.

Jacqueline Kadane, Programs Manager, Enhale Place Long Term Care Home, Toronto

PRIDE AND CRITICISM

INVENTION MAY (INDEED BE) THE sincerest form of flattery ("That looks familiar," From the Editors, April 9). But when it comes to content and presentation, the revamped *Time* cover had a candle to Maclean's. The Canadian version of *Time* was nothing but a shadow of the U.S. edition, and does not do justice to Canada in terms of coverage. I had no compunction about terminating my subscription to *Time* and reverting to *Maclean's*. I am proud of our magazine.

Arend Rodriguez, Toronto

ABOUT YOUR April 9 cover, ugh. Is this the new look you were bringing about in the editorship?

Walter Gooding, Laval, Que.

BIRTH RIGHTS

NOTWITHSTANDING HOMES makes many excellent points in her Q&A about being a adopter (1 interview, April 9), I too grew up feeling conflicted about my identity, overly sensitive to rejection and unaware of my intense feelings about attachment and loss. After much soul searching, I decided to find the ideal 3 statistician. At 41, I travelled to Australia to find my birth mother. I went to a government-supported agency in Sydney that facilitates reunions. I received excellent guidance and was able to get through the overwhelming journey with resilience because that my community of the adoptive support group here in Ontario, which is still very scarce. I'd be an adopter, every story is different.

some are sad, some are happy, but adoption is not going to go away. We need to support adoptive children so that if and when they choose to search for their birth families, their experiences are not terrifying.

Lynette Black, Toronto

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICES

THE STORY of Subhadra Kaur Patta (The End, April 9) is one of many conflicts faced. It is a story of the sacrifices made by two immigrant parents for a better future for their children, and of their enduring self-employed village life in the Panjab for an un-

seen only a deep sorrow, particularly for those killed. The hearts of decent people should go out to them, as well as the collective actions of this nation, while questioning the reasons why our government, safe in Ottawa, continues this tragedy.

Sylvie Ouellet, Burlington, Ont.

THINKING HAPPY

IT WAS SO PLEASED to see that peregrine falcons help books! *The Secret* so prettily matched by Scott Frischak's "The Secret revealed: Ask and it will be given" (Comment, April 9). I haven't read the book, but I was forced to watch the video, and I was shocked at the thought people would not only pay money for it, but attach themselves to the idea that positive thinking would enrich their lives. I've always considered it a pretty core value that if you want something badly, you go out and get it. Pur Pur, Bradford, Ont.

WE'RE GREAT ARTICLE. I agree the world is not turned up enough; let's hash another book that makes people feel better about themselves, maybe makes the smile or say hello to a neighbour. Here's some ideas for famous French columnists: cancer—why doesn't money, there will never be a cure; or, heaven, never just one person who's been there. Me? I'm off to make the world a better place by being negative. I'll start by thinking really hard about a columbian being struck by a falling piano.

Curt Gilbert, Peterborough, Ont.

INEFFICIENCY COSTS

ANDREW FOSTER argues that consumers should be free to choose energy-inefficient incandescent light bulbs so long as the cost of the electricity used is passed along to them ("Not the brightest bulb in the pack," Opinions, April 9). How else can a price tag on lighting, patio lights or the extinction of various species? The costs of global warming go beyond what could ever be reflected in a price per kilowatt-hour.

Jeff Daniels, Hamilton, Ont.

INTERO IS AN ESSENTIAL service that has been minimized virtually since its inception. Who was killed at what is actually known (and no political party would allow that to happen), you could at least double the current rate. I went to the compact fluorescent because it's

MITCH RAPHAEL ON WHAT BEATS FLIPPING BURGERS AT 24 SUSSEX AND 'JOLIVIA'

around houses. He's delighted not to have to flip burgers over at 24 Sussex as the liege appears only rarely.

Krecher is also spending time remonstrating the Liberals that they haven't fulfilled their leader and that they should avoid trying to change him into something else.

Doris and Sophie just celebrated 50 years of marriage. He bought her a handbag while in Sicily 2003 when they were there for the Jolivie Awards. She was a star from Nelly Furtado and her three-year-old daughter, Neve, on the return flight from Sicily to Toronto. Neve was singing the whole way back.

GREY PRIDE

For years there has been visual confusion between Toronto Liberal MP Judy Sgro and former NDP leader and current Halifax MP Alexa McDonough. When Sgro attended Pierre Trudeau's funeral, someone called out, "Hey Mr. McDonough." When Sgro goes to Halifax, there are McDonough sightings everywhere there even though she is now both MPs have similar shaped faces and had similar haircuts. Until recently, both were blonde. Now,

MCDONOUGH and Sgro, separated at birth

after over 40 years of having near sort of colour as her hair, McDonough has embraced grey pride. "It's a reminder with eight of my closest childhood friends had gone totally natural. They looked very better your hair? It got really old." To which 20 people all around me in the press laughed agreeably. It's more fitting of my grand mother rule. I have five grandchildren and another one on the way. I'm proud of that, so why



DU-DIMM' JACK Chew watches as Leyton scratches at Big Pimpin'

than the rest of us. I used to think it's very cheaper. It's a big time effort to keep trying to disguise your grey hair." The reason for her elegant steel hair has been overwhelmingly positive, with one small hiccup. "My five year old grandson daughter turned to me and said, 'Nanay, what happened to you?' I was not proud of my grey hair."

It will may take some time for people to sort out Sgro and McDonough. Sgro says she was mistaken for the Halifax MP just this month. McDonough says, "I would have thought by now people would have figured out we are two different people."

KARINAH and Jack were on the same flight as Fortino

Krecher is taking less meat these days. She has asked her chef at Fortino's to only prepare meat dishes when guests are pressurized to eat down on too many carnivorous meals. The chef is happy to oblige and excited to offer veg-

OTTAWA'S BRANGELINA?

When Jack Layton and Olivia Chow dropped by the fourth anniversary of Big Pimpin', it wasn't that guy-he-pimp night, one hipster attendee looked at the MP couple and said, "They're Jolivie?" Another asked Chow if she remembered him from when she was canoodling during the last election. He had answered the door wearing only his underwear. ■

ON THE WEB: For more Ottawa cutlines or to contact Mitch Raphael visit mitchraphael.ca/mitchraphael

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Pacific Gateway: the feds are getting it right



PAUL WELLS

I have shocking news: The federal government is doing great stuff and deserves to be complimented for what it has done well, will markedly improve Canada's competitiveness and prosperity.

This is not the sort of story that frequently escapes Ottawa, where many of my colleagues spent March predicting a federal election and will spend April explaining why it didn't happen. But since it's the guy who wrote, in that space last December, that Canada would miss its share of the massive liquefied Asian cargo market if Stephen Harper's government did not act more rapidly, it bothers me to tell you that there has been a burst of action on the file since then.

I'm talking about the so-called Pacific Gateway, which amounts to a question: can we increase port traffic in the Asia-Pacific growing every year by an amount equal to British Columbia's total port exports, will Canada be able to make itself a sufficiently efficient port to attract that incoming business?

Without much further detail, Paul Martin (among his band) saw the opportunity and moved quickly to meet it. With even less fanfare, the Harper government has engaged its respective the ports and federal. First, just before the March budget brought record spending for the gateway to \$1 billion over seven years, up from the \$491 million Martin announced in 2005 and which Harper re-announced last fall '06, even though re-announcement may indicate the investment that's needed.

But it's not government's role to shovel money into ports. There are countless billions of private sector investors dollars in the global port business. What governments need to do is service that private money by ensuring there's a reliable network of "corridors" and rails away from the ports—the "corridor" part of the federal "Gateway and Corridor Initiative."

That's where the feds have concentrated

In February, the party-hopping Trade Minister David Emerson and B.C. Premier Gordon Campbell broke ground for the construction of a new bridge over the Pat River between Port Coquitlam and Pitt Meadows. With \$50 million from the feds and \$11 million from the province, the seven-lane bridge will replace two two-lane overpasses, bridges over which rail lines tripled since 1989.

That knowledge will help build the north road out of downtown Vancouver. Further to the south, the six km Roberts Bank Rail Corridor out of Tsawwassen passes through 19 level crossings in Delta, Langley, Abbotsford and Surrey that traffic goes through that must without much trouble, but it is considering four measures to at least constrain those residents in an off-road. Traffic counts estimate if they're built, the feds will be forced to take down with local mayors and councillors,

has been a 10-kilometre stretch of highway east of Lake Louise, in Banff National Park. That highway is now being doubled, at cost of \$50 million. That's a lot of money because it has to be an extremely difficult park, so-called "fringeless" measures, whatever they do go about, must be built-in. So that its kilometre stretch of highway includes overpasses for wandering elk.

Even a careful government can't always check the way business does. Three prominent businesspeople—Arthur Dedeski from Weninger's Pacific Maritime, the Vancouver investor Rich Turner, and Jeff Daugherty from Prince Rupert Grain Ltd.—have been advancing the Harper government. Since December they've met business and government leaders in China, Singapore, Los Angeles, Rotterdam and Dubai and report regularly back to Ottawa.



It's crucial for getting our share of the massively lucrative Asian cargo market

The provincial government will finance its due diligence to build overpasses and underpasses along the Roberts Bank corridor. Because all those planes have been working together, \$100 million from Ottawa will lever up \$250 million from the province and the private sector.

It's the easiest way to avoid congressional out of Vancouver is to start right around it by building another container terminal at Prince Rupert, the closest North American deep water port to Asia. The ground for the new Northern Container Terminal has been broken. Construction should end within the year.

Further east, traffic has to flow smoothly through the Rockies. One noisy bottleneck

None of that travel will mean much if the world doesn't hear about it. There is simply too much international competition for Canada to let itself go. So in January, Emerson travelled to Beijing, Hong Kong and Shanghai to brief Chinese officials on Canada's Pacific Gateway. Next month a three-day international conference on gateways will draw academics experts from Asia, Australia, Germany and the U.S. to Vancouver. Government and rail companies have managed to drag this half. Thought you'd like to know. *



SILENT MEMORIAL

Hundreds of Canadian troops travelled to France on Friday evening to mark the 90th anniversary of the Battle of Vimy Ridge. On Saturday, as the sun began to set, the soldiers stood at silent attention outside the newly restored National War Memorial. The next day, news reached France that six more Canadians were killed in Afghanistan, the victim of a powerful roadside bomb.



'In Russia even those who were circumspect about affairs said they were a harmless vice, like an occasional drink'

PAMELA DRUCKERMAN, AUTHOR OF 'LUST IN TRANSLATION,' TALKS TO KATE FILLION ABOUT INFIDELITY AND THE BEST PLACE TO HAVE AN AFFAIR

Q

You travelled all over the world talking to people about infidelity, and discovered that each culture has its own way of viewing it. What's the North American angle?

An American tends to believe that the most important value is a marriage to him or her, and that couples should be completely honest with each other at all times. One consequence is that affairs are so taboo that most Americans people try to do as many serious relations ships as they actually are.

Q You insist by listening up what an amazingly normal thing is in the history of high romance?

As I travel, men who cheat feel obliged to tell their wives they have problems in their marriage. The same is true for women. You even get situations where people who are not happy or happy enough marriages will end up taking to their affair partner about getting married because they feel obliged to convert the relationship into something socially acceptable. The situation is in the west, specifically, because who wants to be the Other Woman? Everyone's going to tell you you're not a romantic. The woman is almost obliged to aspire to the position of wife, even if she doesn't really want to marry the guy. Americans were also the most hung up on the technicalities of affairs, and managing the level of guilt they felt while they were cheating. It was the only place people said, "Well, we

had oral sex, but we didn't have intercourse because that would be so much worse."

Q Why do North Americans have the idea that the revision of an affair is automatically fatal to the marriage, or instantly triggers divorce?

As I began to research the North American context, it very often does history teach an important lesson in life: relationships in America that when someone discovers their spouse has had, they often compare it to manic-depressive screen syndrome. What you hear over and over again is, "It's not the sex, it's the lying." In fact, a lot of people believe that they sprung from an affair because it brings the spouse every single detail of the affair.

Q That sounds like territory in a relatively new approach, isn't it?

Affecting in the 1970s, North Americans came to believe that the focus for resolving marital problems is couples therapy. This wisdom was used to the introduction of affairs, in which people expect a certain amount of infidelity changed radically. Marriage was no longer something that could contain problems like infidelity; suddenly people had very high expectations of their marriage and at the slightest infidelity, including even a one-night stand, they were willing to end it all. Because it's all over the world now marriage therapy England has a lot of it, for example, but the U.S. is the only place where after an affair people almost automatically assume they have to seek professional help, and the level of guilt they feel while they were cheating. It was the only place people said, "Well, we

kinds of couple therapies. Now there are infidelity groups, church leaders, online therapy and lots of support from what I hear is in the marketing: infidelity complexes.

Q Is there a kind of shaming, particularly if it creates greater than the church agrees and agrees, actually make people feel more worse?

At the problem with evaluating therapies, including the infidelity ones, is there's very little scientific evidence for what works.

Q What about Italy, has Italian culture on North American women's script for affair?

A I think the women's movement has definitely raised women's expectations, just as no-fault divorce did, of what marriage will bring to them. It's certainly made them less tolerant of cheating. A one-night rule has developed, where women say to their husbands, "If you cheat, it's over." I think the feminist script is that you're entitled to a stay-at-home marriage, and if your spouse cheats, the whole story is ruined. On the other hand, because cheating was traditionally seen as the province of men—you have the image of the husband making off with his secretary, there's some subtle cultural messaging that when women cheat, it's kinda kind of a violation, or a rejection of their femininity.

Q Do Europeans think North Americans are for understanding why infidelity, Hillary Clinton remains married to the man who cheated on her?

A Europeans think Americans are a bit naive for thinking that a person of a country, especially, wouldn't cheat on his wife

At least that's true in France.

Q You're an American living in Paris. Is it true that the French have more affairs than anyone else?

A That's not entirely the stereotype. We often hear about French presidents cheating, and think that's evidence that everyone in the whole country is running around. But in fact, ordinary French people cheat less than Americans do, which is to say that about 1.8 percent of married French women and men per cent of married French women say they've had affairs in the past year. In America, it's 1.9 percent of men and 1.4 percent of women. So in real life, Americans and French people behave much the same. The big difference is in the way they treat adultery, how it relates to society and the law.

Q Why do they treat adultery, how it relates to society and the law?

A I think part of it is that they feel that if they don't play along with the law's rules, they'll threaten their husbands', and their own, livelihood. The rules are part of the men's adultery culture, and one rule is that never go to the head of the household, which is the place where groups gather and even married players are allowed to do whatever they want. If it gets in the place where the wives are so worried about saying something that they're not supposed to say, that some of them decide to leave an affair with players and their husbands, and just facing the wall as they wouldn't see it. They're afraid that if they're involved in an affair, someone who is the other wives what they've seen, they won't be allowed to travel with the man anymore, and they won't get to see their husbands.

Q What happens after an affair in France?

In America, there's a very powerful assumption that once an affair is discovered, the couple will have the heartbreak and probably the cheater will be banished from the house. In a place like France, there's not this assumption that if you find out your husband is cheating, you immediately march into his study and demand to know what's going on. You might prefer not to know what's happening, and it's easier to do it in some other way. That could be by having an affair yourself, a revenge affair, or it could be by trying to make arrangements in the marriage that will bring him back.

Q You write that France was the first affair field place to find people willing to talk about affairs. Why?

A I think the French believe—in all aspects of their lives, but especially when it comes to adultery—is discretion. Certainly there are some talk shows, but there isn't the culture of confession that exists in North America, where there's also a sense of joining together to confront a secret. In France you have people coming forward to talk about their problems with the idea that if they tell their story, other people will be helped. There just isn't that idea in French culture. One thing about French culture is they tend to be longer than in the U.S., so they do a very good job of creating this tone of privacy around them. People don't want to jeopardize what may be, for them, a very good thing.

Q What's the best country to be in if you'd like to have an affair outside?

A Hugo, probably, if you're a man. For sheer statistical likelihood of cheating, Hugo tops the list, though the figures do take into account who are polygamous. In terms of having a quality affair, and also do you be inviolate, I would say France is the place

to have healthy infidelity. Even those who were disengaged about affairs said they were a harmless vice, like having an occasional drink.

Q With some interesting exceptions. You write about the growing culture surrounding major league baseball players in North America. Is that people often live in two bedrooms, split up with their partner and children in the other, and everyone's arguing while the neighbours and their kids are shouting in the hallway. So in that context, psychologists say the best solution is to have a lover. A lot of Americans have affairs on vacation, because men men and women vacation separately, with their friends. These don't even really count as cheating, they're just considered auring holiday flings.

Q Do you have a favorite cheating story that didn't make it into the book?

At least that's true in France.

Q You're an American living in Paris. Is it true that the French have more affairs than anyone else?

A That's not entirely the stereotype. We often hear about French presidents cheating, and think that's evidence that everyone in the whole country is running around. But in fact, ordinary French people cheat less than Americans do, which is to say that about 1.8 percent of married French women and men per cent of married French women say they've had affairs in the past year. In America, it's 1.9 percent of men and 1.4 percent of women. So in real life, Americans and French people behave much the same. The big difference is in the way they treat adultery, how it relates to society and the law.

Q Why do they treat adultery, how it relates to society and the law?

A I think part of it is that they feel that if they don't play along with the law's rules, they'll threaten their husbands', and their own, livelihood. The rules are part of the men's adultery culture, and one rule is that never go to the head of the household, which is the place where groups gather and even married players are allowed to do whatever they want. If it gets in the place where the wives are so worried about saying something that they're not supposed to say, that some of them decide to leave an affair with players and their husbands, and just facing the wall as they wouldn't see it. They're afraid that if they're involved in an affair, someone who is the other wives what they've seen, they won't be allowed to travel with the man anymore, and they won't get to see their husbands.

Q Do you become more broad-minded as a result of doing all this research?

A I got the idea for the book because I was a foreign correspondent in Latin America, and I actually was appalled by some foreign men. I was surprised by my own reaction, which was, I'd have to say, quite sexual. I was horrified. I learned the men are very responsible to their wives, and this seems to me, which is not macho-guy-as-cultural—the face of it really surprised. I would say travelling around the world, talking to so many people, hasn't created any less in fidelity, but it's made me have less of a one-holiday idea of how marriage goes.

Q You actually have a chapter on the export of American values through TV and movies that affect affairs. Are a couple of American media, why hasn't the American script shown up in other countries?

As the sexual culture of a country, I found, is informed by so many local factors, anything from the price of marriage, to the ratio of men to women, to the history of a country, has been portrayed polymorphically.

Q What's different? How does the price of marital affairs change?

In Russia was an interesting place to visit, because even psychologists told me it was "obligatory" for people to have affairs in order

to have healthy infidelity. Even those who

were disengaged about affairs said they were a harmless vice, like having an occasional drink. Part of the problem is big cities like Moscow is that people often live in two bed rooms, split up with their partner and children in the other, and everyone's arguing while the neighbours and their kids are shouting in the hallway. So in that context, psychologists say the best solution is to have a lover. A lot of Americans have affairs on vacation, because men men and women vacation separately, with their friends. These don't even really count as cheating, they're just considered auring holiday flings.

Q Do you have a favorite cheating story that didn't make it into the book?

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Q One person I didn't have a chance to interview was a middle class broker in London. He was 59, married with two kids, and had been faithful for 20 years. His wife died, and he was widowed. He was a single parent, and he wanted to move on, but he had two black women, a Japanese woman, an Indian, and he wanted to be more to have a threesome and a sex. He was very concerned that he hadn't found the Japanese woman, but he had had the threesome and was pleased about that. ■

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THE ATTACK on a historical day left six soldiers dead, and was meant to incite Canadians to kill the fight against the Taliban.

CALCULATED KILLINGS

Never mind the 'spring offensive,' Afghanistan remains a battle of wills

BY SEAN M. MALONEY

The killing of six Canadian soldiers in Afghanistan was seen as some sort of attack at the first shot in Taliban leader Mullah Dadullah's much-awaited "spring offensive." It was one of several attacks on Easter Sunday, which included a suicide attack against American troops in Nangarhar province, a drive by shooting in Kandahar, and other attacks against allied forces in Kandahar and Zabul provinces. The violence was meant to provoke maximum outrage—if not war—in the same day Canada held its representations of our 100% assault on Vimy Ridge, our part in the battle of Anzac Ridge, along with our British allies, as we were doing our share against Afghanistan's bloodied province. The Taliban's tactics remain the same, and after more than five years of fierce give and take, the most it can do is raise the allegiance of the Afghan people.

The media, helped along by the Taliban, just made much of the spring offensive, but they obscure the facts and the context of this attack.

Though Canadian troops have not been granted with a single ISAF attack since November 2006, the assumption that emergency operations governed by the season is erroneous. The Taliban are still after, operate 24 hours a day, seven days a week, 365 days a year. Like any insurgency, most of their activity is ground-level building political support among the target population. Violence on the scale of last weekend's raid, however, has clearly employed far stronger efforts.

Like the suicide attack that killed four Can-

DEPLOYMENT OF CANADIANS ALONGSIDE THE BRITISH MAY MEAN IMPROVEMENT IN KANDAHAR

adians on the day Parliament started a new session in September 2006, this Easter day attack is not a coincidence. Like her son's attack, this one was timed as there would have an impact on a specific date, despite the difference in time when we're a Afghanistan and Canada's first war in Canada of the bombing came in the mid-air. The enemy is clever; they read our media and know how important Easter Sunday was this year not only the religious sense but as it is in the national his-

tory. It would be relatively easy for the Taliban leadership construct a similar-scale ISAF cell to conduct a "spectre-tude" attack on a given day, especially as a high traffic area. There is a certain pain lottery that this ISAF cell, which could be the one that targets a convoy I was on last summer and failed nobly, merely tried harder than me—but the timing is just too convenient.

The attack was meant to have a shock effect, to move Canadian and Canadian decision makers to put the fight in Afghanistan, not merely degrade our military capabilities on the ground in Kandahar by having our morale and their equipment. And like this

generally don't work. With the exception of April, following the Madrid train bombings, trying to intimidate a population using these means is inherently driven that population together, uniting them. It's one reason reason such as a hardened national position in Iraq, precisely because of the high level of violence conducted on a sectarian basis. Aiding Canada on a day of national unity is likely to prove a foolish miscalculation.

The enemy has advertised their wanted spring offensive. They have distributed CDs

Foto: AP/WIDEWORLD/CLAUDIO CORRADINI/CONTRASTO

of Mullah Dadullah, the Taliban's commander of military operations in the south, purging so his gang made Taliban. Dadullah has personally executed his opponents with a sword and the man has earned all of the problems with "spring offensive" is now told. First, accepting the enemy hypothesis—now of fair value analysis perhaps—as an offensive generates a level of anticipation and protection that can be a distraction to the Taliban's counter-insurgency strategy against the population in the form of intimidation and propaganda. Second, if our forces do not in greater capacity illustrate a spring offensive, and the Taliban does kill troops or launch a series of attacks, they'll stand accused of negligence, and public confidence in our forces will decline. This is how this kind of war works, not by shouting PMI and thousand pieces of artillery and fire going "over the top" like at Vimy.

The focus of ISAF military strategy is to capture Commando South is in Helmand province as British forces fight to recover from last year's setbacks there. The deployment of Canadian forces is only alongside them is now a regular occurrence, and may be an indicator that the situation has improved somewhat in Helmand province, though that can change any day. Indeed, the British and their allies have over the past months increasingly conducted operations in Kandahar province, which lies to the north west of Helmand and is largely patrolled by Italian, Portuguese and Spanish ISAF forces, which are far less robust than Canada and British forces. Nine months of the Talib's control in Helmand been foisted by the success of ISAF operations to retreat, or what also French? Or are they maintaining their grip on Helmand and expanding to Kandahar? That is unclear right now. The attack in Zabul province, northeast of Stanjel, on Sunday should perhaps be interpreted as test operations against Zabul's relatively new ISAF receptors, the Northerners, and not evidence of successful major operations part of a "spring offensive."

Canada should remember that this was a battle of wills and perceptions. NATO troops have made mistakes, but no one can be morally superior to the objectives of Mullah Dadullah and his friends. Our losses at Vimy were not our sin, nor should our losses in Afghanistan be because Canadians cheat as is demonstrated by groups of violent people running their own as a pseudogovernment. We deserve better than over 25 years of war. ■

Sean Maloney teaches Contemporary Warfare at the Royal Military College, and is the author of *Enduring Freedom: A Logistician in Afghanistan*.

DRUNKEN SAILORS

Alberta could actually run a deficit soon if it doesn't curb spending

BY PETER GRAHAM TAYLOR • There are lots of jobs to be had in Alberta. And you might think Kyle Oberg has one of the easiest. As finance minister, accuse Premier Ed Stelmach, Oberg's biggest task today involves ironing out the 2006/07 budget surplus now standing at \$7 billion. That's up \$1 billion from the original forecast, thanks to a continuing growth of natural resource revenues and taxes.

And while resource surpluses may seem to make a part of the Alberta landscape as solid and benign as anything. Oberg has just had a much tougher job than that: appear with spending demands running rampant, plus the possibility of oil and gas revenue may be peaking, economics. See the Alberta math could produce either extreme. Since The April 29 budget is seen as an important

less taxation all sorts. Federal demands for new environmental measures could further affect the party's profits. It is already possible the government's respective earnings have peaked and may soon decline. If so, Alberta long history of surpluses could be running north as well.

"If they keep spending at this extraordinary pace, they are heading for a deficit very soon," warns Ronald Wason, director of the Institute for Advanced Policy Research at the University of Calgary. At current trends, he predicts a deficit by 2015.

Realistic, the University of Alberta researcher, is more gloomy in his outlook. In addition to his academic career, he has served as deputy minister of Finance in Saskatchewan and as senior deputy minister of finance in Ottawa. His experience inside the legislature puts him firmly in hand for a drift into much sooner than eight years. "Two or three years seems more likely."

Adding to the depressing outlook is a C.D. Howe Institute report late month that put Alberta dead last among all provinces keeping its budget processes. Over the past 10 years, Alberta has overseen its spending pro-



cesses of whether the Alberta government is serious about spending, character or the year's budget is a persistently deficient finance.

Alberta's record of fiscal discipline during the early years of Ralph Klein's government disappeared long ago. Year-over-year spending increases of 10 per cent became the norm in its final years. Erratic accounting for debt service in capital and infrastructure by the current administration, the size of Alberta's government has exploded. After succeeding Klein for December, Stelmach has again no idea he needs to extend his predecessor's prodigious pace. The ballooning cost of a new hospital has been scripted without question and doctors rarely get a raise per year pay rises every two years. Infrastructure demand for a decade and beyond will be shared.

To this spending urge must be added the fact that air is warming to look out of the resource boner in Alberta—natural gas reserves are down substantially and oil royalties are shifting from conventional wells to

dunes by a total of \$9 billion. The Alberta Chamber of Commerce is calling for an end to unbridled spending, similar pressures and a greater emphasis on saving for the future. "This government needs to do a better job of planning," says Murray Holes, the chamber president.

"One of the things some credibility back to Alberta's finances, Albertans may soon find themselves in the surprising situation of being a fiscal deficit and the prospect of a greater and greater emphasis on saving for the future. "This government needs to do a better job of planning," says Murray Holes, the chamber president.

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WAR FOOTING

**The Tories new mantra:
talking tough means
you're ready for a fight**

BY AARON WHEAT • Somewhere around 400 CE, Roman Legionaries gave the world *ipso facto* war culture. He also wrote about military discipline, but it was this book, a fawning guide to Roman military virtues, which would be his legacy. For cent-



THE TORIES gave the media a tour of their new campaign HQ to show they're prepared

years in come, leaders need of encouragement or no friends would revere the ancient name. Never mind that Vigan is not, by most accounts, not much of a soldier himself.

So of course, spending to a permanent Conservative and friend of Stephen Harper recently, it does not take long for Vigan to come up. "I think the overall philosophy is the old Latin proverb: *Sed paucis, non dubitum*," says Tom Flanagan, the University of Calgary professor. "It means, 'If you want power, prepare for war.' " The passage of which Flanagan speaks goes on to say: "He who prepares to victory, should spare no pains to force his soldiers. And he who hopes for success, should fight on principle, not chimer."

Now, Vigan has thrown around a lot of maxims—“Vader is superior to numbers,” for example—but there may be something rather maddening to peace-mongering. And it does seem to offer the best explanation as to why Canada’s governing party is so prone to casting itself in such an aggressive and domineering role.

“As you know,” Liberal leader Stephane Dion half-joked, half-hammered during a speech in Toronto last week, “For better or for a lot of circumstances lately.” Indeed, he should have known his ad lib fell flat when he found himself in a situation a few weeks ago that put him in a moderate and whiny crisis regarding the use of negative ads outside an election campaign, but the Tories pressed on. Last week, they released their latest commercial: “By taking the fiscal backbone, the

to chair of the last Conservative campaign I think it's all part of showing leadership.” So, presumably, with the Conservatives’ decision to turn journalism around their new 12,000 sq.-foot campaign headquarters in Ottawa. “We've taken a big and costly step of opening this facility because Stephen Dion has put the country on notice,” Environment Minister John Baird explained. “He's told Canadians he wants to go back to power as soon as possible.” This was far beyond what you might expect from a guy that's both in charge and short in the polls. “I was a bit surprised by it,” anyone since “any” in past campaigns, we always exasperated kept the media away. I guess it's part of the disengagement policy.” The story believes Harper really doesn’t want an election. “His long-term strategy was to stay in power and demonstrate that there won't be anything worse than him. He's always said that the longer he stays in power, the better off he is.”

But managing fears needn’t require you play nice. Anything, Harper seems to crave conflict all the more. As Prime Minister, William has suggested that Don’t care more for the Taliban than Canadian soldiers. “Yeah, he’s conflicted,” the Tory says. “But I don’t think he does things just because he enjoys them. Everything he does is strategically thought through, so he wouldn’t indulge himself.”

At least not needlessly because once you’ve proven yourself a willing and able foe—and shown your opponent to be ill-prepared for battle—the advantage is yours to gain. When the House resumes next week, the Tories are expected to move ahead with low-and-slow legislation and introduce further climate change initiatives, something that will put Baird, the government’s most gleeful belligerent, front and center. “I’d write in [Harper’s] position, enjoying the financial and organizational advantages, I think I’d score advantages down there [down], frankly,” the Tory says. “There’s all kinds of ways in which Harper’s been protecting by half steps ... I think he’s got an opportunity now to push harder.”

To quote the long-dead observer of Roman military practice again: “You must always endeavour to get the side of your enemy. For a large array of courage seems to be implied on the side of an army that often breeds, when it hope begins to be doubtful who see their enemies ready to attack them.” ■

THE COURAGE TO BECOME A MAGNIFICENT NATION'
“Canadian monarch here in Vimy demonstrates the values the courage and the sacrifice of the brave Canadians that helped a young country to become a magnificent nation. To those who have so recently lost their lives in Afghanistan, to Canada and to all who would serve the cause of freedom, I rededicate this magnificent memorial!” —The Queen, speaking on Monday at Vimy Ridge



TOM FLANAGAN

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A seal hunter loses case to DFO 'sissies'

BY MICHAEL FRISCOLANTI • Eleven years ago, federal investigators raided a fish processing plant on the eastern tip of Newfoundland and seized more than 25,000 seal pelts, including 175 skins of harp seals by a seasonal fisherman named Billy Shearer. All the pelts were "blurbats"—young hooded seals that are supposed to be off limits to hunters. The folks were certain they had a slam-dunk case; when charges were laid against dozens of local sealers, most agreed to plead guilty in exchange for leniency.

Billy Shearer. He fought the allegations, arguing that the Department of Fisheries and Oceans simply sat back and watched while he and the others clubbed away during the annual hunt of 1991. In fact, Shearer claimed that



HARP SEAL: The feds refused to give up prosecuting

DFO inventories even "tipped off" the hunters, warning them toward ice floes loaded with the most blurbats. "That's where the money is," said one Fishermen official.

The feds refused to lose. When a lower court judge sided with Shearer, prosecutors appealed. When the appeals court upheld the ruling, the Crown appealed yet again. Last month the government finally won Newfoundland's Supreme Court from Shearer's side, ruling that just because DFO did not enforce the no-blurbat rule before 1996, the law still existed and had to be obeyed.

"I only feel I am apalled on behalf of many, many Newfoundlanders," says Averill Baker, Shearer's lawyer. "It is the criminalisation of the Newfoundland under." She goes on to say she knows why the feds refused to give up quickly: "They're afraid of the animal rights group. They bend over backwards for these things, always afraid of backlash."

Successive Federal Liberal and Tory governments have held that deciding what conditions are inserted is up to the provinces. Linda Leida, Baker's lawyer, says her client will sue individual condoners who support their position, but not parties. "When the Liberals were in power," she said, "they were as pathetic as the Conservatives are now." ■

Warning to low-hanging politicians

BY JOHN GEDDES • Imagine a Toy Story villain who snatches up a star in the last election by only a few votes. Who would such an MP least want to have fight alongside the usual opposition ranks, to survive in the coming campaign? How about smug, well-organized parents who accuse Ottawa of failing to ensure their children of essential medical care?

They might not know it yet, but this unending scenario faces certain lowly-fledged Conservatives. Parents of autistic children plan to take aim at selecting government MPs who happened to last time by two per cent of the vote or less. And the most vulnerable MP of all could be the architect of the federal autism policy that has the parents to speak—Health Minister Tony Clement, who was his Ontario riding of Parry Sound-Muskoka last year by a mere 29 votes.

Autism groups are caught up in revealing details of their plan of attack before an election is run. But one Ontario activist told Maclean's, "Clement is like a pterodactyl ready to dropkick the tree." B.C.'s Families for Early Autism Intervention is active in a few closely fought B.C. ridings in 2004. Some of the group's core members, including director Jean Laroche, are scheduled to attend a meeting in Halifax on May 25 to discuss tactical lessons so Earle Compton can pass on to autistic children.

But if Stephen Harper's minority falls before them, the B.C. activists plan to contact their MP for events and make a campaign dossier to Ottawa of up to two months. "We'll certainly bring [the] Sunbelt [and] Prairie [regions] to bear," says the group's director, Linda Trites.

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Not exactly Players, but they'll do

BY NICHOLAS MOHLER • Alberta has learned the art of raising pain in its provinces after months of repeated rejections. MacGyver-esque methods of converting the quixotic odds to sensible responses they value in pages torn from the rule book. The result of cigarettes, in the absence of lights and matches, were lit with burning ends of toilet paper set afire by short-cutting self-sabotage with pencils or wire. That preferred toxic flame would even then be dissolved inside wood used with tobacco, attacking the lungs of goods.

SIT BACK, relax and light up a nicotine patch

The pharmaceuticals, which began not long after tobacco was banned from Alberta prisons two years ago, shines a light on the elethic powers of physicians, who have "not necessarily thought up new ideas," says Guy Carden, a Calgary entrepreneur and author of the union local that organized for the ban. Inmates sought them by scraping nicotine-laden tobacco from patches and mixing the resulting gum with water, dried orange peels, or even their own spit until the solution and left to settle before immersion roll of the face tobacco leaf—commonly called "tobacco" on pages ripped from books. Strips from the leaf were especially favored for their "softer, sicker type of paper," says Carden.

Then on confiscated bars showed they packed a nicotine punch equivalent to 40 more-bought cigarettes, says Dennis Malysky, health and safety representative with the Alberta Union of Provincial Employees, who during a high-profile bar review in their guards. The burning costs—from \$100 to \$10,000 plastic—as well as the whole flock. By color paper sticks, which prisoners kept hidden and continuously re-inflating, until a "softer, deeper taste" that 100 craft grilling farms, says Cardinal, adding, "Now it never caused a life is still beyond us."

The Alberta Union of Provincial Employers had fought for two years to have the patches banned, filing 21 worker compensation claims. And yet the ban may be just a precursor to further invention, says Malysky. "Inventing far what they're going to be smoking next." ■

Sixth profile in a series of six

"It's all about finding your passion within a business..."



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dynamics of business processes. Systems and processes enable us to ensure the right goods get to the customer at the right time, and to measure how we're performing. Being a CMA has provided me with the strategic business skills that help me connect the dots between strategy and action, ultimately allowing us to advance within the business. It's all about finding your passion within a business. Having everything you touch better than you found it. I'm a small town girl from rural Nova Scotia. The success of Sobeys is a real pride point in Atlantic Canada. I share this, and also take pride in being a CMA."

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THREE MARRIAGES, ONE HUG PROBLEM

Giuliani leads the GOP pack, but does he have too much baggage?

BY LISA A. GILBANE — A former campaign aide to former New York mayor Rudolph Giuliani, who leads the polls in the race for the Republican presidential nomination, faced down some concerns about the boss last fall. Now as "problems that are insurmountable?" the aide listed "business," "prosecutors" (Dobbs), his former business partner "Koch," his current wife ("adult"), and the broad category of "world issues."

"All will come out—sooner or later," the aide predicted. The previous notes, which later found their way to the pages of the *New York Daily News* and onto the Internet, also said, "Doesn't any of it make it hard to lose his heart? Confidence! Confidence! Drop me if you will... Are there any other big items of worry? You there are—and the campaign is just getting started."

The hard-charging former prosecutor who brought down Wall Street tycoons and mobsters, cleaned up New York City, and ruled a nation in the wake of the terrorist attacks of Sept. 11, 2001, continues to cling to the top of the poll with around a third of GOP voters, more than 11 points ahead of Arkansas Senator John McCain, and with former Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney in the far digits. But while Giuliani, 62, presents a tempting choice, he is also risky—a pro-choice, pro-gay, coed, former mayor of a liberal city who supports gay rights and wants to ban legal marijuana use entirely.

Consequently, even in the God-fearing early primary state of South Carolina, Giuliani confirmed that he supports胎教 funding for abortion, pro-abortion local pundits to declare him "soft." It probably won't be the last time he offends the Christian base. Can he withstand closer scrutiny from Republican primary voters, who tend to take more conservative "life-is-a-blessing" stances? Joseph Montano, a New York Democratic political consultant, told *Newsweek's* Giuliani's strategy has been to build his

GILANI at a Las Vegas Target store in late March (left), with Judith Nathan (middle), and with Bush & a 2004 rally

self as a fiscal conservative, repeatedly emphasize the 13 times he cut taxes in New York City. He professes his admiration for Ronald Reagan, whose Justice Department he reached the rank of No. 3. And he promises opponents of abortion and gay rights that, if elected, his Supreme Court appointees would be just as conservative as George W. Bush's. The troubles, during his time as mayor, Giuliani appointed overzealous Democratic and liberal judges, including an officer of the International Association of Lawmen and Gay judges, and one who was voted against a Sun dry ban on naked sailors.

Then there is his personal life, which still undermines the family-values agenda. His first marriage, to a second cousin, was annulled by the Catholic Church. After divorcing his second wife, TV personality Dorrit Eisenberg, he informed her, via a televised news conference, that he was ending the marriage. His son doesn't talk to him. His third wife, Judith Nathan, is also on her third marriage—bringing their shared tally to six. "Divorce is amoral" is the head of public policy at the Southern Baptist Convention, Richard Land, puts, calling Giuliani a "tough sell."

It's all-but-much for a group of conservatives who have gathered hundreds of signatures in early primary states for a letter urging a boycott of Giuliani's locker. "Rudy Giuliani is outside the Republican mainstream," Michigan Republicans Tom McMillan, who helped the effort, told *Newsweek*, adding that the party doesn't want a nominee "who wears down" a referee to his type—extending sit-down press dinners and so Saturday Night Live.

Giuliani recently attempted some damage control by greeting agents' TV interviews with Nathan, but the effort backfired when he let slip that the new couple could do it on camera meetings and could help make campaign pols gay. It was an odd blonde for someone court ing the same crowd who ignored the Clinton "two-for-one" offer. Giuliani needs backup, but the tabloids moved in to report that Nathan had once worked for a company that made surgical staplers, which were demonstrated as signs that were later put down. His Other Woman was now Puppy Killer to boot.

Giuliani has tried to end his entire mess.

"They have to look at the things I've done that are successful, and the mistakes

they think I've made," he said. The thoughts dove right boil down to two: preventing over transformation of New York City from a modern hub to a family destination, and becoming "a leadership Mayor" on Sept. 11—a leader performance that ready copied his slogan ratings to his final term and got him an honorary knighthood. The trouble is, even these narratives come with an asterisk.

Giuliani likes to say that when he took office in 1994, the city was enduring some 2,600 murders each year, and when he left, crime was down by half and homicide by two-thirds. No one disputes that the police chief he hired and the policies he championed worked. But Americans can't question his judgment when it emerged that his long-time associate, Bernard Kerik, whom Giuliani recommended to President George W. Bush in 2001, despite being based in the World Trade Center, despite having been warned by experts not to do so after the 1993 terrorist bombing of the building. He also spared warnings that police and firefighters needed special protective consciousness—firefighters say that 121 of their colleagues died unnecessarily because they could not wear evacuation stents. And they say they "can't forgive" Giuliani for his almost-failed attempt to cut short the efforts to remove remains at Ground Zero in order to clear the site for development. "To the extent that the general public is interested in who Rudy Giuliani really is, we are going to eventually tell the story," said Schlesinger.

So far, Giuliani's poll numbers are withstanding the criticism, but that may be less a reflection of his strength than the dissatisfaction with other candidates. "Giuliani's support may not keep the problems well away if someone new comes into the race and emerges rapidly," said McCormick. "Giuliani could come from another senator and law & Order actor Fred Thompson, or former House speaker Newt Gingrich, or even current New York Mayor Michael Bloomberg. After all, the Republican convention is less than a year and a half away." It's impossible to say this, but right now we're measuring name recognition," said the director of Quinnipiac University Polling Institute Maurice Cawall. "And we're measuring how well the race is perceived."

INDIA: GETTING OVER CRICKET ANGST
Villages in the north are heading back to field and court over the fallout of India's national cricket team at the hands of host Bangladesh and then Sri Lanka. Savandwala was one of many and was watching over the wildly popular sport across 30 villages in Jharkhand to encourage the playing of what one official calls a "longer" and "more intense game." Anytime night, playing cricket or even watching it on television will face extremes.



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Argentine teachers on the march

BY HANNA MAGDONALD • Argentina was briefly brought to its knees by workers this week as 30,000 marchers, human rights activists and labour groups marched in Buenos Aires and other cities, throwing down roadblocks to centre-left President Nestor Kirchner's clear ahead of the country's October presidential election. Schools were closed, subways halted, and banks shuttered in the capital, home to nearly a third of the population.

Education部长 Daniel Scioli paid increases of 24 percent have not kept pace with double-digit inflation. They are also demanding justice for a slain colleague, Carlos Fiterman, a 41-year-old father and high school teacher killed by a far-right paramilitary group. During when work ended, teachers left the march on the capital, carrying letters that spelled out "Nossa Maté" ("Our Maté").

Michael Corrao, professor of political science at an authority on Latin America at the University of British Columbia, says Argentine police are notoriously underpaid and overworked. Yet such pressure can strengthen the wider economic situation, says Andriana, a Latin American specialist at Simon Fraser University, noting there have been regular demonstrations since the country's current trough financial crisis of 2002. Although the economy has stabilized in the five years since then—growth was 5.5 per cent in 2006, and is projected to top five per cent in 2007—the lot of the average worker has improved little, says Hira. And those growth figures compensate for the price increases of 2006, says SFU professor Eric Hershberg, vice-president of the Latin American Studies Association, unemployment remains "unusually high" and a large segment of the population lives in poverty. Public sector workers, particularly teachers, remain mostly dissatisfied. As in Peru, Colombia and Ecuador, their unions have grown increasingly radical. "Tensions of this sort, between government and public sector unions, has become a recognizable feature of contemporary political life in Latin America," says Hershberg. ■

How to cheat the system, by Gordon Brown

BY PATRICIA TREBLE • Britain's chancellor of the exchequer has carefully cultivated a reputation for fiscal prudence in his long quest to become prime minister when Tony Blair steps down in mid or late summer. Yet a 100-page booklet Gordon Brown edited at Edinburgh University whilst tutor in the 1970s suggests a dodger approach to budgeting in the past. Brown's dossier, made public Saturday, showed young people how to "ace and shave" Britain's welfare state so they can live like "pirates" in "the money" they'd get from soon-to-expire benefits. There was practical advice to have no "car" (a load out of college cafeteria) by manipulating tax students, and even how to sneak past local security to take a hot bath.

The rosy old left-wing discipline was the last step of bad news to hit Brown in the past week. In late March, the government's first major fiscal review, Lord Turnbull, urged the Labour politicians on the eve of his budget, by revealing that the chancellor, who initially had a "Solemn reticence," told his closest colleagues an "increasingly less complete" attempt (last fall, former home secretary Charles Clarke warned the Treasury was a "van trist" who had psychological issues). Then, on early April, Thursday Times reported that while preparing for his original 1997 budget, Brown ignored warnings of the consequences of his \$12 billion annual wind-up British pension plan. Now many of the funds are in trouble and red-ink, facing steeply reduced benefits, blame Brown for exacerbating the situation.

On Sunday, a poll found that just 27 per cent of Britons thought Brown was fit to be PM, while 57 per cent deemed him wanting. With the Conservatives ahead in the polls, an "anyone but Gordon Brown" movement is growing within the party with the power of house surveys. John Reid, inferring he'll run if another strong challenger doesn't step forward. But it's unclear if anyone can stop Brown from moving into 10 Downing St. ■

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The Best a Man Can Get

AN UNSETTLING ORANGE JUMPSUIT

Different case, but were they thinking 'That's me if it all goes wrong'?



It's a small courtroom and it's full of lawyers. There are the defense lawyers, and obviously those lawyers are lawyers, and, well, with lawyers tables chattering away at the well of the court like a bunch of school kids.

But with the fine clothes, the lawyers are spilling out all over what's left. They're not yet bringing from the light fixtures, but there's still the odd mirth between the media and the public benches. It's set behind the gavens and the wooden benches and the public benches. It's set behind the gavens most lawyers who aren't enough to run the A-list government lawyer table, but last week I saw behind the manners one goes on. And then there's, like, this guy, who was giving his best to make his catch-ups, who was giving an undeniably disastrous performance and decided after 10 minutes he'd had enough.

There are lawyers from many lands. There are lawyers low and pre-recorded. We spent most of this watching ride a deposition of members of Hollinger's Toronto law firm which declined to appear in person. The media racks themselves across lawyers during a TV "legal analysis," and some days a government lawyer from another case the U.S. attorney is working in comes and sits next to me just for a break. ("What's this case about?" he asked me after listening to his colleagues working the room for half an hour.) For the first six, a tabloid headline from London under orders to get the inside scoop on Ginn and Black's daughter kept nudging its toward some darkened bar alongside Alana and demanding to know "Is that her boyfriend?"

"No," I said. "That's a lawyer." I've met young men Black's beau, so I had an idea they over hear Black's secret. The most interesting, another legal type would be on her bench. "Is that her boyfriend?"

"No. That's another lawyer."

But on Monday morning, amid all the chanted and noisy talking, there was a silent lurch in the colour scheme at the bar of the court room. It was being worn by a young black man in prison garb. His lawyer

I think that's how this cockamamie case might to end if there's any—what's the word?—surprise. The U.S. justice system is not especially sensitive to class disputes and its revolving appears for plea bargains and unnecessary agreements all but it's not a capriciousness to its judgment. As professor John Langham of Yale University has written:

"Our formal law of trial envisions a division of responsibility. We expect the prosecutor to make the charging decision, the judge and especially the jury to adjudicate, and the judge to act as the sentence. Plus bargaining merges these secondary, determinative, and procedural phases of procedure in the hands of the prosecutor."

Just so. It's not simply about the relatively minor players who are offered immunity to testify for the government but about the flip side: those who can offer exculpatory evidence for the defendant's case and are leaned on by prosecutors in order to testify.



Every Thursday was a bit of this in the Eaton case, a sad example of how justice is no longer blind but turns her beans on those who decide to play their parts in a predetermined federal narrative: the government took a straightforward to a peripheral figure called James Dhu and got him banged up for 24 years (reduced, after robust appeal), to sit for a non-reason other than (as the Bill Seward "jury" put it) that they at his "unmixing on his right in a jury trial." The result is a legal fiasco in which the coach of one case has huge powers over who gets to play in play

the other guys. It's made clear that Mark Elkopis, the token American on trial in an otherwise Canadian-guided dock, is thus a punishment for declining to come over to the U.S. "wise navy" side. On the other hand, this is a man called Todd Wagner, who was known around Hollinger as "the son David Rudd never had" and whose life ends up time and again in these transactions. He's a sometime up in IL-C declining to pose in Chicago, and that suits the government just fine.



JUSTICE IN CHICAGO: DAPOYE COVETED 1996 COPA WITH BLACK

"IS THAT HER BOYFRIEND?" THE LONDON HACKETT DEMANDED TO KNOW

But even by the informal standards of a courtroom, this was a highly unusual, overhangingly dramatic trial. Counsel Black was charged under the RICO statute. That's the Racketeer Influenced and Corrupt Organizations Act, which is part of the Organized Crime Control Act of 1970. According to its own creators, the wrongs RICO may or may not be an allusion to Edward G. Robinson's character in the picture *White Heat*, in which he runs a gangster racket, and he's played nice, renamed the company, and walked on by the sharper regime at Blackger as a "recruit." And a fat lot of good it did him—unless you had been on the basic

way there was a lot of this in the Eaton case, a sad example of how justice is no longer blind but turns her beans on those who decide to play their parts in a predetermined federal narrative: the government took a straightforward to a peripheral figure called James Dhu and got him banged up for 24 years (reduced, after robust appeal), to sit for a non-reason other than (as the Bill Seward "jury" put it) that they at his "unmixing on his right in a jury trial." The result is a legal fiasco in which the coach of one case has huge powers over who gets to play in play

the other guys. It's made clear that Mark Elkopis, the token American on trial in an otherwise Canadian-guided dock, is thus a punishment for declining to come over to the U.S. "wise navy" side. On the other hand, this is a man called Todd Wagner, who was known around Hollinger as "the son David Rudd never had" and whose life ends up time and again in these transactions. He's a sometime up in IL-C declining to pose in Chicago, and that suits the government just fine.

Speaking as well as using the tools in the course of a crisis, a self-contained financial crisis, can fail. And then there's "aberration of power": according to the indictment, in December 2004, a Canadian court ordered that no documents could be released without court permission from the 10 Toronto offices "by Black went about and removed several boxes from the building, as caught on closed-circuit security cameras. Why is the U.S. Department of Justice bring a charge deriving entirely from a Canadian court's order against a Canadian-cum-British man related to a Canadian, home to premises at 10 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.? Why isn't that dismissed as a laughable jurisdictional overreach?

Well, because "aberrations" and "rader errors" and all the rest enables them to sweep up the unscrupulous by another decade or three, and that gave the squeeze on Black in a ploy and a tends for an Afghanistan-style holdout. At least two former prime ministers are standing around the cocktail event telling folks poor old Conrad rejected a ploy that would have enabled him to serve two more years; that's raising the point Black is fighting for his reputation, and whether the survivor wouldn't reduce the least that poor man must.

For the last few weeks, I kept assuming the government must have something more,

and rechartering. But, as dozens of accountancy scandals come each day, accounting is principle-based. It's not about whether you're doing 45 as in a 30 mile zone but about reorganizing the road in accordance with "generally accepted" principles. To judge from the paperwork of the CIOs and CFOs and outside auditors and related party transaction lawyers, the division of the new costs presented to have complied with Generally Accepted Accounting Principles. In rejecting "generally accepted" principles while raising a myriad of yet-to-be seen, the prosecutors are doing American capitalism, no favor, and are making the calculation of how much will be inevitable. This would not have been a concern until in most parts of the English-speaking world, if this has to be decided in court, a trial can draw a better job of weighing the different factors and allocating the division of responsibility between the many people whose fingerprints are all over the main compact.

But my job in the radio is to give a goes to the jury anything that could happen. Will be experts that it'll still just shades of murky grey—dark grey, according to the prosecutors, but perhaps too bright grey, even—cross-examination—the jury given board at the irreproachable technologies and very fit to accept. So the fastest route to conviction is to connect up the many influences with consecutive extent:

a) There's something away going on in the backroom, this we can't quite explain, b) that lack throwing a lavish party for his wife,

c) So that explains it.

In a quiet moment of the other day, Conrad Black and I were talking about his fascinating Nixon book and I wondered whether he was going to wait until the prosecutors. And, after 15 minutes, "Verdict's two presidents," he said. "Verdict claims two presidents! No, don't tell me." "He's got Cohen. Cohen's quick enough and after a few or two interrogatories he produced the second one, Chester Arthur. Chester on Chester would be worth reading but I think his next book should be on what's left of the U.S. justice system and how it should be fixed. Whether it's a better deal written by a felon or a shahidated man, I love to his agent."

WHAT'S THAT? IT'S THE HOSPITAL STRIKES OUT ON FIRST BALL

After U.S. veterans Michael Houghton visited the West Los Angeles VA Medical Center to hear a speech on cancer research, he received the wrong name. "At first thought it was *Ayukle*," Houghton says. "Then I told them, 'What's *it* in *ican'?*' The hospital has apologized but Houghton is suing the hospital for USD 200,000 for Nature care and unspecified damages.



REVENGE OF THE CONSIGLIERE

Undermining David Radler's credibility is harder than it sounds

BY STEVE MARCUS • David Radler is a far the two sides in Conrad Black's ongoing criminal trial don't agree on much, but they agree on this: the man who was Black's right hand for more than 20 years is an accomplished dissembler of the first degree. But even the most incorrigible huckster has to tell the truth sometimes. The trick is figuring out what and when to believe.

The prosecution says Radler had invested only on behalf of himself and other key members of Hollinger International, to finance their prodigious book accumulation in the expense of countless shareholders, and that he has chosen to tell the truth now because he has no choice. Caught in a litany of confounds, his only angle was to plead guilty and mitigate the consequences by testifying against his long-time partner. The defense, on the other hand, says he's lying now to protect himself, to save his own skin, and perhaps to satisfy a malignant pathology that has festered for years beneath the surface of his relationship with Black.

The first few weeks of Black's trial in Chicago only whetted around the edges of all this. Radler's name came up a couple of times, and a few defense lawyers took the opportunity to point him as a convincing rat. But mostly the focus was on an array of details of still-mysterious a government in and putting the specific a few contentious expenses. Increasingly disgruntled, perhaps even fed up with defense at M.B.A. schools, he left it many wondering when prosecutors were going to get around to the part where somebody actually committed a crime.

This much is clear: Conrad Black trial is not about lavish parties, or trips to French Polynesia. Nor is it about who asked for what clause in which newspaper sale. All of the critical questions revolve around David Radler. And they are strands first, foremost, out the testimony of that adulated father figure Black and send him to prison for the rest of his life? Or another way: If Radler is respon-

sible for the fraud that devastated the company, as the defense contends, is Black still responsible for Radler?

On the surface, it's a relatively simple legal question. The answer is no. "It's not enough to say that Radler was Black's guy, and Radler compromised a crime and therefore Black is guilty," says Sam Radin, a former prosecutor in the Eastern and who is now a professor of law at Washington University. "You have to establish that Black is least knowledgeable or even helped carry out an illegal act."

Black's team has nudged out the position that Radler was essentially an independent operator within the Hollinger empire. He was responsible for Western Canada and the United States, while Black focused on East Asia, Canada, and Europe. On paper, it's a strong defense. For the law that prevails among 12 laypeople behind the closed doors of a jury room, it's always an it's written in the books, and that's where things go theory.

Hugh Stinson, a veteran Chicago litigator and co-counsel with the firm Perkins Coie on the strategy it's "dead." He's often saying Radler was off on a 10-year hole-and-dent. That just doesn't make any sense," he says. "Conrad Black was a guy who operated on a 24-hour clock. His own agenda and his life was his work and his work was his life. For him to say that he wasn't aware of the details of these huge transactions, where huge chunks of the company he built were being sold off, and he benefited from those sales, I think that stretches the imagination to believe."

It would have been better if Black's team could have gone to Chicago and claimed that as crime ever took place. That would have challenged the prosecution to prove that Hollinger's problems went beyond bad judgment or negligence, that there was a conscious effort by Black and others to steal. If all the top executives had remained a united front, they could have all credibly claimed innocence. "But that's not what happened," says Radler's lawyer, Peter Arkush. "He's a pretty difficult sell to a jury, returning a short while later. The lawyer for co-defendant Mark Krapf asked the witness whether he considered Radler a good actor. The prosecution objected to the question, but the panel under-



is a very credible demonstration there was, in fact, a fraud." And so, the defense must try to shift blame.

Black's problems are compounded by the fact that he appears to have been a beneficiary of the crime for which Radler has agreed to go to jail. That leaves Black's lawyers in an uncomfortable position of distancing the client from a man who was one of his closest confidants and most trusted associate. It's a conundrum with annual obfuscations, says Bell. "The prosecution will surely point out it was Conrad Black who hired this guy. It was Conrad Black who paid him here. It was Conrad Black who made him a confidant, and an associate over the course of years and years. Now he's narrating around and saying that he's a benevolent person, and you shouldn't believe him. But that's inconsistent with everything he did with the guy before he was charged with a crime."

The only thing for the defense to do is open up an unflattering assault on Radler's credibility—and that already begins. One witness testifying about a sale of newspapers in the late 1990s has already described an episode in which Radler, according to his higher priest from the hogies, blew up in a fake rage. "You're wasting my f---ing time!" he fumed, and stormed out of the room, returning a short while later. The lawyer for co-defendant Mark Krapf asked the witness whether he considered Radler a good actor. The prosecution objected to the question, but the panel under-

WHEN THIS IS OVER, RADLER WILL SPEND HIS GOLDEN YEARS LEADING A STILL-SIZABLE BUSINESS EMPIRE



RADLER with Peter Arkush (above). His B.C. home is worth \$2.7 million.

and it's understandable. In a fight that may well come down to whether or not the jury accepts what Radler has to say, every little bit of his demeanor is critically important.

In the end, lawyers say the case is likely to turn on a subjective judgment by 12 people, deciding what constitutes right and wrong in a corporate world they've never known. As previous white-collar corruption trials have shown, it's not necessary for prosecutors to produce witness "smoking gun" evidence of conspiracy; even the glibest broad

of circumstantial evidence linking top executives to a crime can be enough to win a conviction. When Dennis Ebers, the former CEO of WorldCom, was on trial in 2005, his chief financial officer, Bernard Ebbers, struck a plea deal and sentenced against his old boss. Ebbers said he was never explicitly told to do anything wrong, but that Ebers had repeatedly made was internal WorldCom "in its numbers" and that Wall Street's expectations followed him and he found Ebers understanding. That was enough to convict the CEO and send him to prison for 25 years. "Most juries don't expect that there would be explicit conversations like 'Let's go cook the books,'" explains Bell. "Often it's gradual: decisions are made in the envelope and then exceed the confines of the envelope. The jury simply sees it will be very difficult to dislodge him entirely. They'll focus on the fact that he's changed his story, but everybody lies before they cave," he says. Most expect the deliberation to go on for several days at least. In the course of that cross examination there is a question that the jury may well have to consider: did Radler break ranks with Black and the other three defendants? It simply won't be a troubled conscience if the evidence is so far in his interests, there might never have been an indictment at all, let alone a conviction stuck together. Perhaps he'll argue because he had more to lose than anyone else.

When Hollinger began to trouble in early May four years ago, Radler had already begun to expand his personal business empire. He is still CEO of Horizon Publications, a private company that runs a tiny, off-the-grid U.S.-including such titles as the Lexington Herald—many of them purchased from Hollinger in the late 1990s. Industry sources say the company is worth well over US\$100 million. Black and Radler were partners in Horizon until Black sold his share last year. The two haven't spoken in over two years, but they are still close enough connections—each holds a 35 per cent stake in Brad Publications, another private company that operates a few small, profitable papers in the northeastern U.S. Radler is also known to have been a 25-per cent owner of a Vancouver investment bank, Salmaan Partners, though the company declined to say whether Radler is still involved. More recently, a company headed by his daughter Melanie Radler called RSN Operations bought a small chain of newspapers on the U.S. East Coast for about US\$1 million. It's widely assumed that Radler the elder is involved in this deal, too. He's also still got his massive house—one on Marine Drive in Vancouver, with an assessed value of \$12 million, and one in Palm Desert, Calif., assessed at US\$1.1 million.

Radler has settled most of the major civil suits against him, by paying out just over US\$100 million in restitution to his former company and various regulators. He has agreed to a 28-month prison term as part of his plea agreement. But at the end of it all, Radler will be in a position to spend his golden years presiding over the amiable remains of his business empire, and to pass on considerable wealth to the next generation. If the price of that outcome is to be former libel defendant, fair, then so be it. The final act for Conrad Black is far less certain—particularly if another burger war is available to him.

OUT LIKE A LAMB

Issy Sharp made Four Seasons Canada's finest brand. Now it's gone.



"Whether Mr. Sharif knew us or not [he] wasn't the least of my concerns..." The roar on the candle glass was amazingly clear given it was travelling from a dozen passengers in an economy east of British Airways, though perhaps that's not surprising—the cabin had his own audio track. When you are His Royal Highness Nawfel bin Talal bin Abdul Aziz Al Saad, the billionaire grandson of King Abdul Aziz, Saudi Arabia's founder, business travel can easily be an issue.

The year was 1996, and Isidor Sharp, who last week sold control in his Four Seasons luxury hotel chain, was in deep doo-doo. An international reference had dug up much juicy royal conspiracy news. His only chance of holding on to the company was to find an investor willing to buy a 25 per cent interest without threatening Issy's control of his empire. That seemed an impossible dream.

The day I connected with the prince to discover why he would sign such an unlikely deal, he told me that he was enjoying a stay with the Shaws, his critics of ready-made-outfit Cabbie City, who joined him for a regular crew-up. This, he explained, was the time he set aside for royalty, which was his way of interacting with big people... "to see what their reaction, and to fulfill them." They laid up, a hundred at a time, shouting and bewing, trying to make history and his castle.

As far as I know, only Sharp wasn't in the know that day but it was the prince, a devout Muslim, who earned the corporate ownership position of a few "For me," the prince-by-line reiterated across half the world. "There is nothing unusual about a Jewish businessman dealing with an Arab prince." I am dealing with a human being, religion is not on the table. But since you ask, I must say that I really admire Isidor. He weathered all his life's storm and it's the bone.

earlier, a fleet of jets that included a 45 seat Boeing 767, and two passenger planes (177 seats plus).

The prince explained that the deal (which can have a 50/50 split) was accomplished by issuing a new class of shares that guaranteed his control position. "I decided to take a longer-term view," the princely cold racer realized that Four Seasons with Sharp was worth a lot more than Four Seasons without him, so I took Isidor in her word."

It was the buy of the century. The shares he had purchased for US\$45.50 in 1996—had risen to US\$427 by last week, when the prince, along with Bill Gates, stepped up to purchase

Because many of these investors were Canadians, I like to think that they were voting against the deal, if not with their hearts, at least with their gut. The sale of this jewel of a company has illustrated the nationality of this country's most respected luxury brand from the global marketplace. Alan seems like a poor substitute.

Why did we hold on to our corporate treasures? How can we go on pretending to be players in the global economy when we have no true national principles? The lifeblood of the international marketplace is investment confidence. Money must be free to relocate to migratory birds with constantly shifting nesting grounds. But Alan, with a valuable expression of Canadian quality should not be allowed to wane without a trace of its origins.

Sharp had first heard in 1991 on Toronto's Jawa Report, then the witty diurnal of the city's leaders. His night security man



BILL GATES and Saudi Prince Alwaleed bin Talal now control the Four Seasons hotel chain.

of the laconicized chain's monk (Gates, who once home to Seattle's finger than four Four Seasons hotels, heads a company best known for the acronym Microsoft Works.)

An part of the US\$15.4-billion-Four Seasons deal, Sharp was paid US\$23.8 million in long term incentives and remained around 20 per cent of the equity. But the transaction prodded a surprise. Approval for the firm's privatization required approval from its non-partner. Minority shareholders, whose support had been tilted for greatest share they were being offered only US\$200/share over market value, endorsed the sale with a 2 per cent majority.

The board was a powerful counterpoise to those who said Canadians were attracted to the glamour of the high life. We competed with the world's best with a touch of snobbery and elegance that proved luxury need not be coarse. Now, it has slipped into the hands of foreign owners by the dint of margins, all over market value, endorsed the sale with a 2 per cent majority—and we feel bad about it.

age over reported that so many couples were making out under the back reception room's grand piano that he was simply closing out all room revenues, then set it off a night. From those humble beginnings grew the mighty Four Seasons.

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SEXY DISKS CAME WITH BONUS FEATURE
Three Japanese naval officers are under investigation for观看色情录像带 using computer disks. It's not the sort that bothers the authorities—it's the lawless deletion of Asian women's virginity that threatens a US\$1 billion-a-month market.

One officer has told police he copied erotic images from a computer belonging to a crew member from a destroyer, and that men

about the radar system got downloaded by mistake.

EMPLOYEE OF THE WEEK

When a great house is a sign of trouble

ST. JOHN INTRO • March's stock tip that your financial advisor isn't going to tell you if the chief executive goes out and buys a fully bagged horse, sell your shares in the core



A new study shows when a CEO sells his work affairs

part-time, according to newly published research, a company's performance drops off substantially when the head honchos leave an extremely large, highly-prized firm.

By combing through real estate records, New York University's David Yermack and Crocker Hall of Arsonnals University compiled a list of the principal residences of 488 CEOs in the Standard & Poor's top 1000.

The study of companies whose CEOs lived in more expensive than average houses—by executive standards—that carries a price tag of US\$41.1 million—or—reduced 5.4 percentage points less in 2004, on average, than firms whose CEOs lived in less-expensive CEOs on the largest homes (turning at US\$100,000 per foot or less) or less than 10 acres of land) were up performance more modestly, by 4.9 percentage points. And of the 164 CEOs who bought new homes after climbing to the top rung, the poorer performers were more likely to move it—down to the larger houses.

Furthermore, if the boss sells some of his company's shares to help finance the new pad—as was the case for 12 percent of the executives—the company's stock performed worse in the months that followed compared to those whose bosses didn't liquidate.

While we'd want a high-class package as a sign of commitment to the firm, the auditors (who unfortunately don't name names in their working paper) argue that it indicates "entrepreneurship," which results in an image and sense of self-respect and confidence. It seems the boss becomes more interested in building tennis courts on his estate than, say, meeting profit targets. ■

U of Toronto flunks out of Investing 101

ST. JASON KIRBY • Who says universities don't offer hands-on instruction? Students at the University of Toronto who demanded the school sell off its investments in tobacco companies have learned that it's possible to bend a multi-billion dollar investment fund to their will. The bigger lesson may come later, in U of T's grapple with the implications of caring in its student pension.

According to a memo prepared by E. BUTT, U of T President David Naylor has ordered University of Toronto Asset Management, which oversees the school's pension funds, investment and administration, to sell any tobacco stocks. The money manager has already sold off its direct holdings in two companies, Altria Group and Philip Morris. The Fox, Japan Tobacco, will be divested soon. E-BUTT head Tyler Ward had the post-grad's decision to "immediately step for ward," while Robert Strain, U of T's finance exec, said the school encourages students to "have fun and that is a good example."

Any student of Economics 101 knows the risks of holding onto a long-term pension fund. Special interests tend to manage sound investment decisions. So why not use the investment strategy as a fire, but who sets the criteria? Strain said that was a unique situation, adding the students gathered 300 sig natures from a mix of U of T stakeholders, won over a panel and then the president.

But with 6,000 students, 800 staff and 370,000 alumni, other groups could easily



No more tobacco stocks, but what about other ethical dilemmas?

over that first hurdle if they object to the school's investments. The group Global Warming Advocacy has 100 of its students signed up, while human rights activists at University of Waterloo would emerge, leaving the school open to challenges. It will be up to Naylor to signify just how hard and unconvincing—that's the slippery slope he stepped onto when he ordered E-BUTT. ■

Another rival takes aim at iPod's crown

COLIN CAMPBELL • The term "Pad Killer" has finally become synonymous with the word "dud." Many companies have tried to dethrone Apple's ubiquitous iPod, all have failed. Apple holds 70 per cent of the market for MP3 digital music players and this year alone it has sold 100 million of the funky little devices since they were launched in 2001.

So it's no surprise that everyone at Yahoo! Inc. has turned the MP3 search with less fervor and far less than past chills. Last week, the company, in partnership with Santa Monica-based MP3 player company Imation, released the Santa Connect

MP3 player. The device looks like the way of the iPod's sleek design, but Yahoo! and Imation hope they'll succeed where others have failed by giving consumers the ability to synchronize local music through wireless Internet connections.

It might seem an unusual combination, but it's not nearly as new. Microsoft added wireless music to its Zune MP3 player. The result, following a massive marketing campaign, wasn't quite as impressive. The Zune sold well for a few weeks following its debut last November, but now holds only 2 per cent market share—an emphatic warning in new systems who figure iPod's popularity has peaked. While the MP3 market is still growing, peers are falling and new technologies—music phones are grabbing attention. No one seems to be prepared for a very competitive marketplace," says Mark Haas, a senior account manager with the market research firm NPD Group.

One secret to the iPod's dominance is its marketing with Apple's popular iLines music store—something Microsoft has tried, but so far failed to duplicate. Yahoo! may have an even stronger leverages to compete: precision. The Santa Connect will pair wirelessly not only with Yahoo!'s online music store, but with other services, like its photo sharing site and Internet radio service. Industry watchers say the device may represent the strongest challenge yet to Apple's ascendancy. But then, we've heard that name before. ■



Santa Connect is the latest challenge to Apple's iPod



THE SECRET NETWORK OF CHILD PREDATORS

Pedophilia has exponentially worsened through communities of the like-minded

BY BRIAN BETHUNE

In Britain, London police once arrested a photographer with 130,000 pornographic images of children. That was in 1974, a surprising number from conservative paedophile Julian Shaver (in his *Child or A Time* [Random House]) that there have always been paedophiles among us. Shaver's startling account of online predators and their police pursuers also cites a famous survey of 10,000 students undergraduates in California in which one in five admitted to some level of sexual attraction to small children, while almost one in 10 reported having sexual fantasies about them. Seven years later they might even have seen 100,000 if they could avoid detection and punishment.

Pedophiles are thus scattered across society, well off or poor, married with glee or sexual attraction to small children, while almost one in 10 reported having sexual fantasies about them. Seven years later they might even have seen 100,000 if they could avoid detection and punishment.

Dr. John Bradford of the Royal Ottawa Hospital's Sexual Behaviors Clinic estimates that two to seven per cent of the population could have pedophilic tendencies. What makes it so much worse is that this has always been part of the human condition; it is now growing exponentially worse, both in magnitude and in severity.

GARY MCKEE

The Internet "doesn't create pedophiles," Shaver notes, "but it certainly does fuel it." In the past, paedophiles were isolated, repressed by the revisionist social people that taught them and limited to their opportunities. But now offenders after all will tell you "about their media existence," supplies "where they find what online and how not only the magazine the love images—available, but an increased themselves the experience, the more they they were among like-minded people."

The Web has vastly increased the money-making possibilities of child pornography, and he can supply no offer. In the late 1990s, Thomas and Justice Reedy, a Dallas couple who never earned enough to live a home, were parking lots and turn Mexican in their upscale driveway. Their money came from Landslide, an Internet portal that offered underground cameras access to some porn sites (successive inspection of first, Thomas Reedy later confirmed, and he asked where the real money was). In the first month of offering access to sites called Child Rape, the Reeds parlayed 2,000 visitors to 30,000, and over the next two years Landslide brought in more than \$100 million.

More methodically, the Internet doesn't use public access either; it facilitates supply the Washington-based National Center for Missing and Exploited Children now finds that 60 to 70 percent of their investigations come from older children who have taken compromised pictures of themselves. More often than not those self-made images are the result of what NCMEC calls "online enticement"—children manipulated by a "friend" met on the Web who coaxed them into snapping pictures of their own bodies. In a U.S. Justice Department survey, one in seven young Web users reported sexual victimization, versus less sexual harassment online otherwise.

Worse still, adds Shaver, the Internet drags in those who probably wouldn't have done what they did otherwise. "Circumstances need no further reminder of that than the case of Michael Lanza," he has confessed to the rape and murder of 10-year-old Sandy Jones. Before he'd cut the boy's testicles, he'd been threatening a girl for "maybe a year or two." He kept alive what he called his "dark secret" on the Web: "The man I am is, the man I longed for is in my heart." On the night of May 22, 2004, "I wanted some material behavior," says Lanza, "but I got excited. I really wanted to do it. I really wanted to have sex with a child. I just came out of my place and she was there." Police didn't know Lanza was dead at all.

Braver's tipping point comes in the house of the first and, to Shaver, most important crook he meets on stage with his book. "It's just part

of me," he says emphatically. "They're even more phone. But you will hear from people that 'better parvus lack at dairy greater than actual' makes a child." Looking doesn't discerning; study after study shows that 10 to no one of those around for pedophily proneness are also found on others. Another online interaction points, according to Shaver, is that many of the visitors are already sexual beings—admittedly by law. In fact, fully 35 per cent of known visitors, according to NCMEC, are only-for-youngsters, per cent are under 13.

We still don't know much about the men and women are, although a catch are women—responsible for the spiral of abuse,

especially what we really want to know: the combination of brain chemistry, genetics and personal experience that results from what they are. The nature vs. nurture argument, as often, remains equally sound around them; black potato is a hard wind nature. Researchers British psychologist Joe Silbano, who found that 40 per cent of offenders known by age of 18 that they were sexually abused as children. On the other hand, 10 per cent of offenders were also themselves abusers, a rate statistically higher than the general population—fodder for the scarecrow. What ever the case, the condition is insidious. "They know it's done a way," Silbano says. "Once you've got it, you've got it."

EXCLUSIVE EXCERPT BIGDADDY'S 'SPECIAL' CLUB

I started it in a much way, with a movie room between two children overhead as a bullionary game. "I didn't give any candy this week," a woman in Elementary school wrote a year-old girl says to her younger brother. "You don't care," Daddy's proper, the six-year-old replies. Shocked, the woman asks the children, "Don't be talking like that!" "Well, that's the truth," the children said, rather matter-of-fact. The woman puts a smile on the result of what NCMEC calls "online enticement"—children manipulated by a "friend" met on the Web who coaxed them into snapping pictures of their own bodies. In a U.S. Justice Department survey, one in seven young Web users reported sexual victimization, versus less sexual harassment online otherwise.

When Langham went to pick up his stepchildren from school that day, on May 16, he was told Children's Services had come for them—and he realized he had been caught. "I knew right away what had happened," he says. "I knew exactly what had happened." Langham was taken into custody for alleged child abuse. It was when police found a computer at his house hooked up to a website, first opened up a new avenue of inquiry Internet addresses. They called in Det.

Randy Wickens, assigned to the provincial law enforcement Child Exploitation Unit, who brought together the RCMP and local forces. The police led man for Wickens what they had.

"Let me at it," he said eagerly, drawing up a search warrant for the computer. On May 18, he did a quick preview of the hard drive—enough to see hundreds of child pornography, including pictures of Langham's children. "We knew we had a fairly significant investigation," Wickens says. "But we had no concept of the size of it."

"UNBELIEVABLE. I WAS JUST brought to a new world," Mark Langham says,声音嘶哑地 the moment when he first clicked on a screen displaying illegal pictures of children. "You couldn't believe my eyes [it was such]

EQUIPPED WITH CHILDREN HE COULD ACCESS AT WILL, HE MOVED UP THE RANKS



DET. RANDY WICKENS: "Oh my God, what's happening here?"

cell in Children's Services, and a child abuse investigation was launched. The two things gave a full disclosure that their father, Mark Langham (not his real name), had been sexually abusing their daughter, along with two other

hard-on. That's when I started building my features." Langhans had noticed a run with the law since he was a teenager—at 16, he got 90 days' jail time for assaulting his 80-year-old mom; within a year, while still in prison, he'd already served two years—and was sentenced to 21 months behind bars. He sought treatment and ended up with a woman who already had two young children. "I believed in treatment, but it didn't work," he says. "Well, actually it worked, but I chose not to follow it. It made the wrong choice."

He had discovered that the internet provides the child sexual offender with the "three A's" he needs to thrive: Accepting, Acceptance and Access. Together the Internet's powerful predators propelled Langhans, in theory as many other child abusers, to places he might never otherwise have reached. "Every thing that happens in the Internet is the 'X factor,' enabling us all ways and just past in numbers," says Dave Oberstet, the chief of the Child Exploration and Discovery Unit

the underground about a series of foster mothers infected through a powerful file sharing site called WinMX.

WinMX was one of the most robust and popular peer-to-peer programs that allowed Internet users to easily file trade, and that's where the predators took their lead by reverse engineering the software that made WinMX run, thus developing its own official Web page, but an underground group of upstarts kept it going, building patches and improvements and effectively driving the program in the dark fringes of the Web. In the beginning, "users" hosted and controlled by someone administered, WinMX could do anything they wanted. In each room, you could see what other members had stored on their shared folders on their hard drives, affect what you wanted and download it.

"Oh my god! just went broken!" Langhans says of when he first discovered WinMX. He had seen plenty of pictures of child

sexuel abuse when he was growing up, but this was the first time he'd seen it in such detail.

Realizing he needed to share his finds with the world, he created a website, *www.wmxx.com*, and invited other users to log on. "It was like a social network," he says. "Everyone could do anything they wanted. In each room, you could see what other members had stored on their shared folders on their hard drives, affect what you wanted and download it."

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'MY HEART IS POUNDING. I'M THINKING, I CAN'T DO THIS. I WASN'T LOOKING AT SOME MOVIE. THIS CHILD WAS GOING TO BE RAPED IN FRONT OF ME.'



SPRINGFIELD police catch of the Net's child-porn underground

the mysterious man, an Langhans' buddy for Web sex, the password that Langhans had provided. Winkler logged on, blocked all of BigDaddy's other buddies and waited for Astro to respond. Within minutes, the enumerated and feed up somewhere. "Where you been?" he asked. Big...Daddy672, and Winkler invented a name there's a broken website in the video led him was viewing, Winkler could see a girl around 12 years old walking strayed in a park right. For 15 minutes, the two men chatted—long enough for Winkler to grab an IP address from 69.97.232 which can be traced.

"Gotta go," wrote Astro672, suddenly ending the chat.

"I'm bowing off my chair," wrote Winkler, noting that he had captured the man's IP address, which indicated that he was sitting in a room in the U.K. "Gotta, we got this guy."

But it would quickly turn darker.

Moreover, Astro672 was back online. That night, the pair was right close to the edge. The man had come into the frame, he lifted her clothing and exposed her breasts and underwear. "I'm thinking, 'Oh god, I don't know if I should pick up, but I don't know what's happening here,'" says Winkler.

The man grabbed her legs and pulled her toward him. She got away briefly, and the man's erect penis was exposed to the website.

"None...do you even know that?" he said. Then he grabbed her again and pulled her onto his lap.

Winkler was alarmed. "My heart is pound ing. I'm thinking, I can't watch that. I can't do this. I won't look at some more. This was life...right now. This child was going to be raped in front of me."

Winkler was shaking. He came up with an excuse. "Sometime's come home, got to go"—and surrendered the computer. Still unversed by what he had witnessed live on the website, the detective quickly dove up a criminal report, including Astro672's IP address, threw it in a CD and forwarded it to the RCMP's NCECC in Ottawa. By accepted protocol, they were tasked with passing an international lead to the proper authorities.

It took 10 to 12 hours for the lead to reach the RCMP, a U.K. cop she had no personal connection to, so another caseworker, the senior constable in charge of the investigation, Dr. Sgt. Paul Gallopin's Child Exploration Section at Toronto's Sex Crimes Unit, the usual addresses friend Langhans' buddy list. The day later, he showed Krawczyk how to trace the Winkler chat rooms, specifically the one called "Kathy-Punk & Kiddie4uk." On Nov. 28, the Toronto cops were ready to begin surveillance on the sites. Some of the most active participants—administrators and busy users named

Gilliths and passed on the IP address. It took nearly three hours the next morning for the IP to find as that the case was used for the website transmission was located in London. The police raced to the house in the late afternoon. The 16-year-old man whose the London police found there finally admitted that he had been abusing his 12-year-old step daughter. When caught, he would be given an indefinite sentence on 16 counts of assault and pornography—ensuring that his case would have to be reviewed before he was ever released.

Whether he hoped it would get him—and higher—because the owner of Mark Langhans' Internet buddy Astro672 shaved something else. "Everything he was talking it was me," says Langhans.

On Nov. 12, Winkler forwarded to his supervisor to review, over the hard-coded investigation to Dr. Sgt. Paul Gallopin's Child Exploration Section at Toronto's Sex Crimes Unit, the usual addresses friend Langhans' buddy list. The day later, he showed Krawczyk how to trace the Winkler chat rooms, specifically the one called "Kathy-Punk & Kiddie4uk." On Nov. 28, the Toronto cops were ready to begin surveillance on the sites. Some of the most active participants—administrators and busy users named

Chairman and CEO, for Master of Home Inter-Went International's apparel. "We were trying to get a feel for the players, see who the regulars were," says Toronto Det. Const. Scott Perley, who had joined Krawczyk on the case.

"You could tell the organization was different from what we'd ever seen," says Purchas. Many websites and direct routes easier and, in fact, those executives, you gear, trade your staff and go out. But Winkler is no slouch—he was ready when the regulars all knew one another's names—or lost their Web accounts.

Two days after the Toronto cops entered the secret chat room, an international connection to another caseworker, the WinMX investigation ran high gear. Both Krawczyk and Purchas were racing through WinMX, at a nearby desk Det. Const. John McNeil had been keeping up his forays into the Forum Black in August, he had consciousness a collection of its explicit chat photos of a six-year-old, known as the "Elite" series. There were enough photos in the forums indicating that they were from the U.K., so a trip to Europe in early October for some Internet training. Since Purchas passed on the images to Paul Gallopin.



18th century. "I was an attorney, and it's actually from a history that's about 10 miles from my house to Manchester," he said. The parents were recent, and the girl was young enough to be in primary school, so police began circulating a "wanted" poster to school officials in the area. On the first evening of their canvassing, one householder immediately recognized her, and it was not long before police were baging on the door of the father's home.

The case could have ended there if not for the intervention of Toronto's Child Exploitation Tracking System (CETS). By now, the database software program that had been developed by Microsoft was in operation in eight RCMP franchises across Canada, at the provincial police forces in Ontario and Quebec and at 14 municipal police forces. So on Nov. 10, it was a matter of course for the Toronto squad to enter in the details of the U.K. kidnap. Const. Warren Bulmer was saying it was some of the details of words that had been found on pieces of paper that had been left behind in the naked girl in the filth where CETS found a match.

This note refers to Bellman's version

In one of the pictures, next to the girl's profile, a piece of paper read "KathyPerry & KattyKaty 2005". There were also photos of the girl at play, pulling a razzing, or using some kind of Cleopatra-like gesture by her waving hair behind her shoulder, the name

THE COP HAD TO BE 'CHEVMAN,' THE MOST TRUSTED PERSON IN THE CHAT ROOM

Chihuahua usually right dog, the absence when MOH on the left.

"Holy shit!" Krawczyk exploded when he saw the pictures. "These guys are from the chat room we just logged on to a couple of days ago."

the 10-year-old girl being shamed in England with the WinRMX roundtrip the Toronto police were monitoring. "This put it up a notch because now we knew for certain that people in that town were creating child porn series and understand what it was," concludes Krawczyk. "This was more than your average chat room."

The "SallyPins & SallyVids" duo never was difficult to infiltrate... run by a rightist lone

a nickname and a complicated system to shield the digital signature of his IP address. The computer hacker was named GOD—an acronym for Galactic Overlord Duplicator. He was assisted by another 10 administrators, including Cleverman, Master of Mathematics and—if the handle was any indication—at

**CHEVMAN, 'THE MOST
BIT ROOM'** is a comic woman who went by the name Handle Dutch.
Other regulars were Aldebert, former priest and Lord Vader. Among the things they had for trade: an image of an all-millennium-old girl with her genitalia exposed; a nine-minute video showing a girl of about 10 fused onto a sexual area; a five-minute video depicting two girls undergoing phallic abuse. The poker faced a definite dilemma if they met too soon again: a ringer WinMX player—
and they could hardly stand by if they knew he was actively abusing a child—would they lose the chance to arrest the others and save more children?

The "WallyPox" regular was constantly trading security tips and technical know-how. Leo Valdez, for example, explained the arsenal of sophisticated Web weapons he had amassed



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every a T3MR encrypted router, Giesecke & Prinz cryptanalyzed the poker net was the ability of the WinMX software to hide or mask the IP address of its users.

Krawczyk figured that if he couldn't find the poker net through that (PokerArena), he would have to do it the good-old fashioned way. He focused on Chevrem, one of the administrators who kept logging into the server because of the large number of his posts. On a large whiteboard in the Toronto office of the Sex Crimes Unit, Krawczyk began to write down every clue he could glean from Chevrem's messages—"the trail of bread crumbs," he called it. Krawczyk had anticipated a user by Chevrem that he "widely[] TWO women Canada," which narrowed down the country. He made many references to snowy weather and mentioned going for supper around 6 p.m.—when it was already 8 p.m. in Toronto—so Krawczyk was fairly certain his target was in Alberta. The cops knew about Chevrem's car, about the exact time of birth, time of birth and weights of his daughter's previous baby and about his wife's breast surgery.

From the start, the Canadians had formed their leads to their colleagues in the UK, Australia and the U.S. One of the first tips found its way to the Chicago branch of Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE)—a unit of law enforcement that happened to have the largest cyber crimes ICE field office in the country. Ron Welllick, a veteran customs agent, headed the 17-person unit.

In December 2003, Welllick and his team and the Canadian formation to make down Auburn, who turned out to be a 39-year-old resident of Bensenville, a Chicago suburb. Rose Auburn, the ICE's sex guru got the name of one other WinMX member on the Chicago agenda, whom they arrested immediately, plus leads on about a dozen other people across the country. When the police net could not figure out where the WinMX software was blocking the user's IP address, it sent the challenge of asking that user—let's call her a young cyber investigator named Brian Bond.

In most popular peer-to-peer trading software programs, computers "talk" to each other by exchange files. In this case, it is not hard for one user to read the IP address of the person sending the file. But WinMX somehow scrambles the IP code so that only the high-level administrators could see it. When the Toronto cops Paul Krawczyk and Scott Purchas were charged to monitor the take-down of Auburn, they explained to their American colleagues how crucial it would be to get a fix on one of the user's administer-

trants, such as Chevrem. "If we could find him, we would be able to break the case," Krawczyk said.

All day the message board babbled over the computers. "There has to be some way to do it," Bond mused. "My computer takes forever to log in there—so we just have to find it." At 10 p.m., they finally nailed it right. Once at home, Bond sat on his own computer and started playing with the program. He soon noticed that no matter how many times he logged on or off the WinMX room, the last-digits digits after his user identifier—a numerical string of mathematics and computer science that uses the symbols 0 to 9 and A to F—remained the same. "The last code stands for something and doesn't change," he concluded. "So somehow the hex code is matching the IP."

Bond dug some Web surfing and eventually found a page in German that seemed to explain some of the WinMX patches. He checked one use of the Web's internet, if not always reliable, computer maintenance tools to read.

had first started

"It came full circle back to Edmonson," says Randy Wicks.

Chevrem, it turned out, was a 30-year-old dark-haired Carl A. Treloar, whose wife worked in a nuclear plant.

By Jan. 14, the police were able to run an IP trace through the Shaw Internet provider in Alberta to come up with a street address. On Jan. 15, Paul Krawczyk and Scott Purchas flew out to Edmonton to help Wicks with the arrest. At 7:30 the next morning, it was still dark as the officers waited in a surveillance van parked just outside the man's simple bungalow. The stakes were high because the police did not want to simply arrest Treloar—they wanted to take over his identity so they could infiltrate the group as a spy-informant. So do that, they needed to rats him during those brief encounters when he was online but temporarily away from his computer.

"We knew what we could give—the computer was still on," says Wicks.

In the van, they had a portal view inside

changed forever," says Wicks.

The cops burst in. Krawczyk dashed for the computer. As his descriptor, Treloar was shabby, visibly distraught and sobbing.

"I just lost my parents," Treloar told all of us earnestly. "I don't want to tell anybody." Chevrem was being dangerous as hell; his criminal record included convictions in 1990 and again in 1995 for violent assault and gross indecency for attack on young girls. Now, standing in his open doorway in the cold Alberta winter morning, Treloar could feel his world crashing down around him.

"I know why you're here," he said, still sobbing, to the arresting officer.

"Why ten in the morning?" the cop asked.

"To put me in jail forever," said the evil WinMX practitioner somewhat unadmirably. In Canada, he was looking at only a handful of years behind bars—but there was no evidence—the case—that he'd committed any kind of abuse. On his computer in the WinMX chat room, police found over 90 people waiting to download the more than

THERE WERE IMAGES OF THE GIRL WEARING JUST HER UNDERWEAR, THE NAME OF HIS CHAT ROOM BUDDY ON HER THIGH



UNTIL JANUARY 2006, WINMX SGT. SARA GILLETT (left) ran the Canadian investigation into Treloar's Sex Crimes Unit. Paul Krawczyk (right) was one of the key investigators in the case.

the testimony—which garbled English. It was enough for him to decipher an important detail: the last four digits of the last series represented the port number—the entry point the user's computer used to communicate with the Internet. This lone hole was the key that the numbers—grouped in sets of four separated by a decimal point—magically became words, with the least significant digit first. If he reversed the order and read them again digit-by-digit, he had the IP address.

As Treloar was typing in the message on his keyboard, Meierud listened in over the phone and Scott Purchas repeated it out loud in the van. "Be right back—useful now."

That was the cue they were waiting for—a few precious minutes when Chevrem was away from his screen. "Okay, go. See ya later," Randy's comment cracked ever the police's silence to the room outside. Quietly, a dog of German shepherds on the front door and rang the bell. The dogs figured that Treloar had two choices: answer the door, or run for the computer. Either way, the SWAT team was standing by.

"As soon as he opened the door, his life

as a participant in child abuse changed in an instant.

While Chevrem cringed at the arriving officers, a few feet away Paul Krawczyk was crouched over the man's computer, hoping to pull off an update, unless version of the "hot-and-unfixed" one. He had to re-create the hundreds of WinMX meetings—and, presumably, the other top chat room salutes—because that was Treloar. "He was probably the most trusted person in the chat room," Krawczyk says.

In Tempe and Atlanta, where the undercover Brian Bone and other members of the ICE team were monitoring the room, they waited nervously, knowing that the next time Chevrem logged in, it would be one of their officers typing in the words. "There was probably five minutes between Chevrem's departure and when Paul started typing, so it was one of those hold your breath moments," says Bone.

"He had to make sure that once we took Chevrem down, there wasn't widepread panic in the room," explains ICE's Ron Welllick.

"We're walking with our fingers over the phone buttons, because if they went bad, we needed to make sure we get people deployed." Deployed and ready to arrest the known mitigate in WinMX.

But there was no need to panic. It's for amateur, "Chevrem" responded, his WinMX aliases snuffed out. He had finished his coffee break, and no one noticed any disorder. Later that day, Treloar gave the police a four-hour



interview—and also gave up his password to the many administrative. Over the next few hours, day and night, Krawczyk kept going in on Chevrem and welllogged. Such a situation takes over him, there was no "no," Krawczyk says.

It took that turning point in the investigation. Now, as Chevrem, the cops had access to everyone's IP address—in effect, the membership records of the "Hobbities & Kidlyrics" club. When someone entered the room, in a given time there were usually between 10 and 15 people online—the user count signs could set her nickname, his IP address and how many files he was sharing.

"It had to make sure that once we took Chevrem down, there wasn't widepread panic in the room," explains ICE's Ron Welllick.

"We're walking with our fingers over the phone buttons, because if they went bad, we needed to make sure we get people deployed." Deployed and ready to arrest the known mitigate in WinMX.

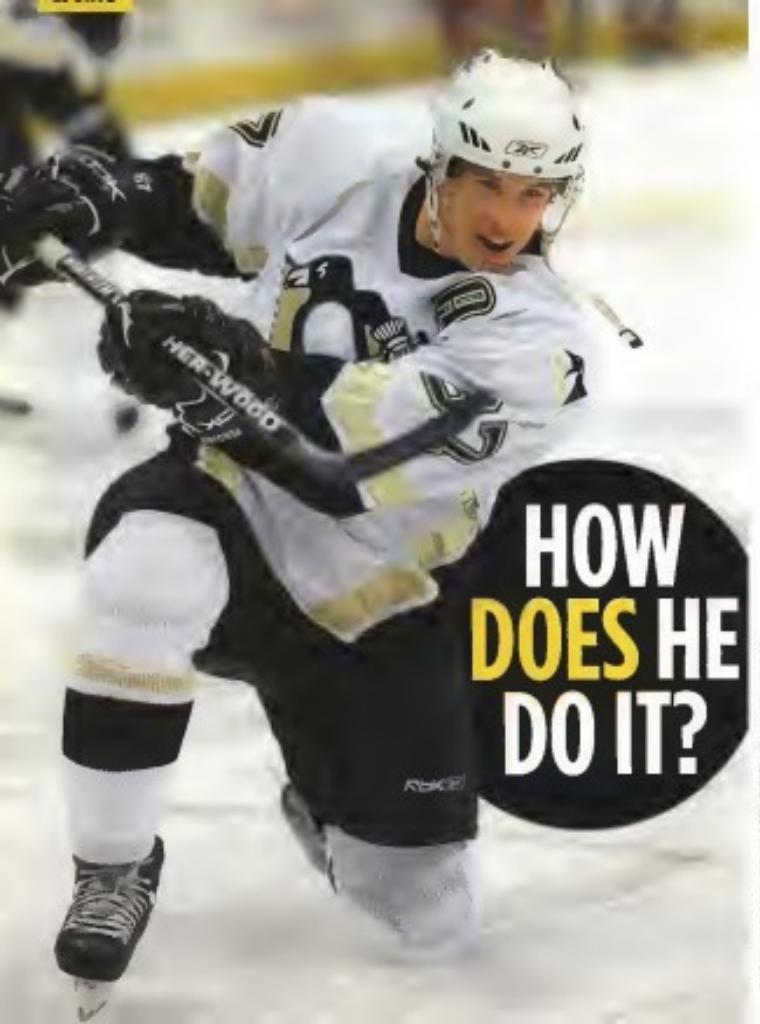
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WHAT TO DO WHEN ATTACK DOGS DON'T

Portuguese police conducting a knockdown on drug-runners dogs stopped a man in Lisbon from jumping his pit bull without a fence. The undisciplined dog ran over to a struggling with the cops. He bit one policeman on the wrist in the resulting scuffle a second policeman's finger was broken. The dog's owner was placed under house arrest, but the pit bull hasn't been seen since.



PHOTO COURTESY OF PORTUGUESE POLICE



HOW DOES HE DO IT?

SIDNEY CROSBY IS THE FIRST SUPERSTAR BUILT FROM THE SKATES UP. HERE'S HOW.

BY CHARLIE GELIS • At 19 years old, Sidney Crosby is unquestionably the Next One—the eye-popping pack skills, the wounded hostility, the precocious self-confidence are all present in the true colors of the Pittsburgh Penguins. So too is the later-life pride in this game above all else, the drive which lifts a talented player into the realm of immortals like Bobby Orr or Maurice Richard. But to fully appreciate Crosby's place in the evolution of the day—a plus-ableable even now, as his sophomore season—you need to go back to the year before Crosby was born, and for the sake of this argument, to a statement of hockey principle that might have been uttered at the time as a motto of hockey itself:

It was the summer of 1916, and the Edmonton Oilers were on top of the world. In the spirit of fading history, a few key members of the team adored themselves: Toronto and Bob McKeown to their sister-sister to make a documentary. The resulting movie, *Way of the Oilie*, is pretty much the definitive Older hagiography, worth watching mostly for a classic sequence in Mark Mentor's apartment in which Wayne Gretzky, Kevin Lowe, Paul Coffey and Menor argue about the key to success in hockey. After an interesting, if never-coined exchange, Gretzky finally argues with a sort of iteration of his personal orator philosophy: "I score that pack," he says across a forest of half-filled glasses. "And you guys," he adds, tossing his head at imaginary opponents, "you guys get your own pack."

The idea was on peak here, of course. He missed 1,061 goals. But in this one slightly dazed dream, the Gretzky One basked the rewards of physicality in the NHL—namely, the ability to cold-handled control time and space on the ice. Today, the idea seems quaint. Even as Gretzky speaks, NHL coaches were devolving ways to reduce the role from players whose pure talent alone the game and governed the actions of opponents.

By the time Sidney Crosby appeared on the radar of NHL scouts, pro hockey had evolved into a clean match of "trap" and "toddle" systems, which may explain why Crosby might so dramatically outperform whenever Gretzky comes along. "No one is going to touch his numbers," he said. MacLean's is busy evoking a theme he mentioned in this day. "It was just a different league back then."

Now, as he makes his first appearance in the Stanley Cup playoffs, there's a palpable hope that Crosby is about to defy yet another

prediction. "The pride of Cole Harbour, N.S., finished his second season with a league-leading 120 points, a pace comparable to everyone's favorite Gretzky but in a league that—for all its crowing about a slowdown on offensive stars—means much more objectively enhanced than the one the rest of us play." On March 2, he became the youngest player in history to reach 200-career points (19 years and 207 games)—147 fewer days than Gretzky, playing a game as patient and disciplined that you can hardly tell it's a revolution. But Crosby, his day to have a day, is still controlling the ice surface down the stretch, the time square for round headlines.

Crosby generates a level of excitement among fans unseen since the days of Gretzky. The visible joy he derives from the sport—observed by any viewer trained in the art of sports television—has been the last, most potent, part of his black journey, states Bob McKeown, chairman.

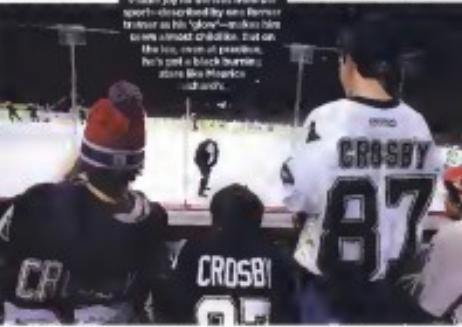
ing him the greatest compliment a hockey player could hear: Wayne Gretzky could never have done it.

"LOOK IN HIS EYES," MURMURS MIKE LANGE, the veteran play-by-play man for WDKX radio in Pittsburgh. "Everything you need to know about him is right there, in his eyes." We're watching Crosby and his teammates plodding away late in Ottawa, pondering exactly how keen it is. Lange's observation is both accurate and pleasantly surreal: Crosby is indeed possessed of a black, burning stare like Monica Richard's, only seemingly disguised in cool. But to portray his success purely as a function of determination is to overlook the single thing he represents to hockey history.

To perform that leap, Crosby had to fungi the last kind of companion that tends

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF SAWYER; COURTESY OF THE PITTSBURGH PENGUINS



Consider a year of suddenly scoring than he created late in the season. On Feb. 10 in Toronto, Crosby不但 directly into the teeth of an advancing defense during a 7-on-5 power play, then showed lightning fast reflexes to regain the puck, check past the slot blocker, bullishly through the danger zone check and... somehow... get another crack at the net. It's a weird shot glance off a flailing arm, and the whole thing happened in fast. The Leaf's angle have changed in a flick (16), they hadn't been watching their raps the players an instant earlier as Crosby pulled off two goals earlier in Philadelphia, producing a jazzy rebound which leveraged Mark Recchi's plumb the net.

Nor pretty, as highlight sequences go. But as an exhibition of talent, agility, balance, ball strength and sheer will, it was uniquely Sidney Crosby. Which is another way of saying

no inflow ideas of how a star is made. While the Howe's and O'neils who came before him plotted a course across frozen ponds and backyard rinks, Crosby is a hydrospace specimen, a player built from the skates up to conquer a highly systematized game. Yes, nature supplied the raw materials of strength, cleverness, vision and unbridled门前 skills but the assembly was performed by others—a hockey-playing father, instructors at high-performance hockey camps, coaches at the Minnesota camp he attended for a year. And the most important influence at all proved to be a feisty-voiced Prince Edward Islander with some raw ideas about how to succeed in the day.

Only O'leary remembers well the first day he saw Crosby. He was teaching at an elite hockey camp in Somerside, where young Shirley, just out of elementary school, was

ANATOMY OF A WUNDERKIND

Crosby relies on a combination of strength to perform as well. Since his extraordinary mental fitness, come naturally, others required painstaking work to develop his off-the-ice preparations were founded.

on the principle that hockey uses

different muscle groups in

different ways than other

sports, he had to value

stability and efficiency over bulk or brute power. But

to make his regimen work,

Crosby must continually

raise the difficulty of his

workouts, enduring ever

greater pain to attain even

greater results.

Crosby's movements
Unleashed on the ice, Crosby has learned to control body movements to maintain his balance and efficiency while performing a variety of cycles of ground efficiency. "When your body moves well mechanically," says O'Brien, "everything you do becomes an exercise."

Frozen in the Retina
ads that show Crosby ice-pushing a stack of wings. He avoids weight shifting that builds bulk, working instead on lower stabilizing muscles like the gluteus medius and latissimus dorsi. "I've never been just for the nice, but for proportion," Crosby's dad adds. "Addy strong."



sliding with boys two years his senior. "We'd been hearing about a player they who was said to be the best 21-year-old in the world," recalls O'Brien, then freshly graduated from the University of Western Ontario's kinesiology program. "But when I realized that this was the player they were talking about, I thought, 'Good lord, this kid needs some work.' He was lumbering around like a bear there."

Now the strength and fitness coach for the Florida Panthers, O'Brien was a bit of a nail-fighter—at least by his hockey standards. He peers, held watchful or barefaced at top

level players fearfully pranced man in the off-season, even though studies challenging proven fact that building muscle mass indiscriminately could actually impair performance in high-wire sports. For more on point, he knew, is the ability to work specific muscle groups in concert at high speed, and with picture-perfect form. Yet there the bulky guys were, puffing up their pecs and flexing their thighs like they were preparing for beetle-eating contests.

Much of this stemmed from a basic mis-

understanding, according to O'Brien. As a pro player on mental bluffs across a low-friction surface, the game demands work from body parts never really meant for the job. While running or jumping means muscles meant to produce vertical force, skating requires horizontal exertion from those that provide stability—the outer quadriceps, the lateral hamstrings and a pair of gluteal muscles called the gluteus medius and the minimus. If you could increase the efficiency of those groups, O'Brien reasoned, shortening the time they required to contract while increasing the

amount of force produced, you could build a much, much better hockey player.

In the late 1990s, however, a wisdom regimen is do just that. What he needed was a top-drawer player entering the most important phase of his development—a manager whose neurons and muscular responses could be hyper-programmed for maximum performance.

Enter Crosby and his parents, Tricia and Troy, a wedgesome family looking for someone who, at a modest price, would transform an uncoordinated mite into a super-

NHL prospect. Thus began a five-year experiment that would eventually produce the best player of the world. O'Brien happened to be moving to Halifax, so the now-Crosby turned 14, he was on hand to oversee the youngster's daily routines at the St. Mary's University athletic centre. The pair spent hours watching Crosby's posture, using cameras until anything hockey players did at the time the teenager would snap, stop, sprint, duck under handles, even do donuts on mats while Crosby studied his movements—all with a view to extracting mechanical flaws in his leg extension or coordinating the angles of his knees and ankles. Their core concern revolved around balance and stability. Crosby used several sensors, namely, a pair of gyroscopes built into a belt of straps O'Brien surveyed his movements. "I'd sit him with all the tools I could to try to knock him off," recalls O'Brien, "or I'd throw a medicine ball at him. As he became more efficient, we tried to create inefficiency in his environment so he could continue to progress."

The sessions were grueling, but Crosby was pleased with the results, and today, he keeps up the same off-season regimen. "With all the speed and youth in the game, it's important to have that extra step," he explains in an interview. O'Brien says post-practice he works out after getting the Panthers job, but the new routine, close friend? "That's something I've always tried to give so, like, only, a lot of the stuff I do is pretty intense."

Evenings? "Sprint intervals of 200-100 m. I'll do three or four sprint quadadriceps together. And I always sleep on my body in some sort of summertime position, then try to keep doing the exercise fast and strong. That's worked well for me. If it's handles or cones or hill running, I'll do it with a weight belt on one side, or maybe a resistance belt."

It's not unusual to see Crosby performing an off-the-wall drill. Crosby returns. Rather, the workouts are meant to prepare his body to withstand the game's rigors. "On the ice, you're always slow of learning, or digging in and changing position. Balance and flexibility become very important. A lot of people for how important it is to be athletic and to run, to run, to run, to run."

He's not really sure how much of his regimen can be attributed to these preparations. But O'Brien knows what he saw when he attended a game in Halifax during Crosby's rookie year with the Brampton Oceans of the Quebec Major Junior Hockey League. In almost every total department—hand speed, leg strength, balance, agility, and more—impor-

tant, fast speed—his young charge surpassed everyone on the ice. Today, NHL opponents speak with similar awe of Crosby's "complete game" as an atheist. "What doesn't he do?" asks former defensive star Brian Robison. "He's good on the puck. He's quick, he's strong, he's got a great shot, and by how he has to find his teammates, he's an excellent, special player."

OF COURSE, NOT EVERYONE APPRECIATES "special" players. And many of those who do live in the Lucy of Philadelphia. The team were known as the Broad Street Bullies, but had few this season by injures and managerial incompetence. But the Flyers' fans are still giving a round of applause to Crosby's new finds out west: They're the Wildcatz, the Washington Center each time he reaches the park. Epheth, most of them irreverent,

but some still use a post-hoc tactic to measure players' strength. And Crosby's forte lies in efficiency—here, it's mostly to connect and collect certain includes a Crosby with a high degree of efficiency, and define this primarily as his legs. His knees and upper body are not remarkable.

He does from the stands. Tonight, on a late-season encounter between the two teams, the Flyers chose they play it in his first at evening, sending a charge of unaccustomed optimism rippling through the crowd.

With that began a series of unparallelized assaults—a blizzard by Ben Eager, a natural slash across the gloomy Joni Polkens, an all-out surge by Devian Hauger, a surface fire, 135 lb. of raw energy. Later, in the third period, Hauger catches him on the Philadelphia bench with a forearm to the chest, breaking his spine across the boards. The audience looks on, and as the play ends, many unapologetic Crosby ears a glass toward referee Kevin Fraser. But the play goes on, and Philly's ugly strategy is working. By the end of regulation time, the Flyers are well with the high-flying Penguins 4-4. Crosby hasn't recorded a point.

Congrats to the flyers have always been cordial, a form of barney in hockey. Crosby facil-

they do it. Mario Lemieux before their respective糙手 brought in protection. Wayne Gretzky arrived in the fall of 2003, however, they were a decent length that the dogs weren't their own—such was the cutting edge of an off-the-ice resonance that would eventually make annihilation oblique.

This was a division born purely of Gretzky's imperiousness to rugged play. "He'll run around and shove 'em back up their noses," is how Mark Recchi, Crosby's teammate, describes the youngest's behavior. But cheap shots are cheap shots, and by the time he hit Philadelphia, frustration was plainly suffusing Crosby's judgment.

The first sign of trouble came during a Feb. 4 visit to Montreal, when he went down rather haphazardly after going up against the facility's Canadian-born in the third period. With the crowd chanting "Take That!" Crosby wracked from an argument on the way back to the bench with Aaron Downey, a huge player who later admitted he was trying to get under Crosby's skin. "Sidney's a superstar," he shrugged happily. "I'm just a shop in the league, a low-track driver."

For the rest of the game, and for many months after, Crosby seemed panged. In contrast, he took an uncharacteristically cool attitude at the Canadians' net, dignifiedly clutching his stick and trying what that left hand forward Tomas Plekanec on the ice in a blisk, the speedy Montreal center had earned the pick up for a two-on-one, using up the winning goal for defensemen like Benoît Brisebois. The freeze-out in Philly came four nights later, and while he'd done the winning goal in a shoo-in, Crosby seemed less elated with victory than exasperated by the preceding 60 minutes. Slapping his fist into the yellow Crease after his dressing room call, he took "personal responsibility" for his lack of clutching power, letting the crush of repetition. "It had a lot going through my mind."

The officials were showing on the score sheet, too. Hitting set a total pace of 1.71 points per game across the sum of the season, Crosby

registered less than a single point over the dozen or so games following the Montreal game. He stated that escalating brawlers was destroying his play. But some of his mentors had a pleasing undercut: "I think I've done a pretty good job keeping my emotions in check," he said MacLean's a few weeks after the Deweyean exorcism. "But I know I have to play with a lot of intensity and there will be times when I get upset."

Should the league have solved the problem with some decent refereeing? Without a doubt. Crosby is universally regarded as the league's crown jewel, a soaring machine with intense star looks. His seldom seen the game's greatest asset here as induced in in Recchi's words—"show it up their ass." In the end, Post-game manager Ray Shero sensed things the old

older tradition of elegant goons—Jean Beliveau, Frank Mahovlich and, later, Jeanie Lajoie. All of these players demonstrated that darüber I want to pads urge to control play, pulling defenders out of position and using the space to cause offense.

Crosby, by contrast, assumes the appearance of a hard-grounding forward even when he's carrying the puck, as if in a chair do his worst, widening his stance to protect the disc until he gets the chance to move it, as he'd do it off before an opponent can lay a stick on him. In other words, he doesn't quite open up to create goals, which tends to confuse fans who read his games with visions of Gretzky dancing in their heads. "Crosby, well-meaning as ever," declared a mid-season profile in *Sports Illustrated*, adding that the young Penguin "isn't inventing the game, he's merely playing it at a master level."

Why, then, do his opponents seem so repulsed? "I think everybody's trying to figure him out," says Toronto's Gabe Fenton, one of the league's most experienced defencemen. "In the play, there you go to his face, but you can't run around and try to be too physical or you're going to wind up in the penalty box." Factor in the crackdown on obstruction and stick penalties, and Crosby's physical advantages multiply. "I don't know if there's a defenceman in the league right now that can handle himself on one side of the puck better," says Boston's Brian Murray. "When he puts that hip out and turns no-gives, he's very hard to take off the puck. And you can't put the stick on him anymore in the way people have done in the past."

If you're looking for ways in which Crosby has influenced the game, this is a pretty good place to start. For the better part of two decades, smart coaches have been assessing offensive fingerprints with defensive set plays designed to sway the kind of space Crosby and his team mates upon. As Ken Dryden, the Hall of Fame goaltender and all-around hockey philosopher, recently noted, these systems grow out of the realization that the shrewd higher relative speed and the simplicity of his talk to it he doesn't have to focus on stickhandling; give him an edge over every man raised pack center. They may be maligned for their subsidy effect on the flow of the game, but they're in the product of common sense.

Crosby's genius has been to come into

balance, the efficiencies O'Brien had worked so hard to achieve permit him to measure, carry and unload the puck at blinding speeds, often with little more than a sympathetic spasm of body muscle. He may be the best player in the league at destroying the pack with one or two touches of the stick and—most importantly—he almost never relinquishes the ice beneath him. When the pack comes his way, the checker's supposed advantage is lost.

None of this is to say that teams won't someday unlock the secret to controlling him. Most pros, after all, operate on cycles of innovation followed by strategic adjustment (in baseball, for example, teams answered the 1994 rough fielding with greater upper-body strength which, in turn, increased ball speed). But it's a lot more fun to imagine they won't—that Crosby will advance his game further, expanding the gap between himself and his defenders and stretching the magic seconds when he's moving the puck into those highlight reel moments. He certainly maintains perceptions of him as some sort of legend or savior, a guy who can sit out to rook his play in a death-and-tax lot or consider the shift a failure. "I think it's part of how you adapt and adjust to each game," he says when I observe how little he actually carries the pack. "You do still hope you're going to get a lot of time to touch the puck and create plays. If that's not the happen, you know, you have to make the most of the opportunities you do get with it. You have to make the right plays and sometimes those are the simple ones. But you think to yourself that maybe, later in the game, you could get a chance to do something bigger and better."

Tentatively, he spans the last season along just that—scoring on the spectacular where the rarely impressive might have served. In a March 16 rematch with the Canadiens, he shaded four checkers coming on him and delivered a shot while falling down that resulted in one of the year's most instead goals. On the power play he developed what might be considered a signature move, sliding from the half-biscuits to freeze the discolor, then firing a lightning-past diagonal to Ryan Whitney, a left-side defenseman, for a backcheckout. Over and over, the play was made, because defenders knew that the alternative—peeling off to cover Whitney—gave Crosby an open lane to the net.

It has helped, too, that he is surrounded this season by a cast of oversized stars, who are helping create the opinion he'll need to further his game. At 19 and 18 respectably, Evgeni Nabokov and Jordan Staal see no

issue as you obviously are a surface connected with defenders? Crosby's method is to control the limited space around him, sometimes with lightning fast movement, sometimes with superior strength and balance. He can be in the middle of the pack, but still move the puck as the tip.



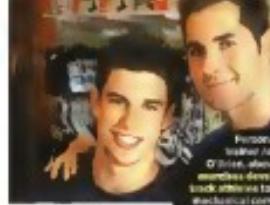
of the box prospect in the league. Goalie Mike Andrie Healy, 22, is living up to his billing as an overall draft pick, and a slew of others—Ryan Malone, Eric Glerean and Whitney—help form the core of a team that were 34-9-6 during the second half of the season.

The voluntary effort of this can't be overstated. Some franchises occupy opponents' bench seating on the speculator where the rarely impressive might have served. In a March 16 rematch with the Canadiens, he shaded four checkers coming on him and delivered a shot while falling down that resulted in one of the year's most instead goals. On the power play he developed what might be considered a signature move, sliding from the half-biscuits to freeze the discolor, then firing a lightning-past diagonal to Ryan Whitney, a left-side defenseman, for a backcheckout. Over and over, the play was made, because defenders knew that the alternative—peeling off to cover Whitney—gave Crosby an open lane to the net.

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Whether the Penguins have what it takes to win one Cup—never mind four, like the Gretzky-Oilers—remains to be seen. As Crosby himself says, "There's definitely confidence like a sense of something special." Who knows? If that sounds a bit nose-concentrated for a guy about to face the end test of an NHL playoff run, chalk it up to his reflexive habit of trying to manage expectations. Crosby above all and mind that the ultimate measure of his impact on the league is ahead. Say all will want about him, durability, dominance, all will share a player surpassing Gretzky's 800-pointers. For the grand expectation that begins with him being a 15-year-old at a P.E.I. hockey camp will ultimately be snuffed out of champion from Lord Stanley's cup. And to get to that point, it's not just wanting the puck that counts. It's what you do when you get it. ■



Personal trainer Andy O'Brien, who used Crosby's movements when they were both 15 years old, to assess the mechanical correctness of Crosby's movements. When they first met, Crosby was told to be the best 15-year-old in the world. "I thought, 'dead last, this kid needs work.' He was lumbering around a bit."



way, crafting a late-season deal with Phoenix to acquire Georges Laraque, last-forth, 241 lbs forward who's generally considered the leviathan champion of the league. The trade put in my money they could still deliver Crosby—physically, verbally or any other way—without risking serious head injury.

THEIR FIGHTING STYLING CROSBY'S SUCCESS was one example of the argument he's never been able to dislodge from the fan's mind: he's bigger than the familiar image of a scraggly star. Gretzky's supply estimates, shifty, inconsistent, unconvincing—wasn't a model that opened a generation of lesser mimics like Peter Nedved and Craig Janney. Lemieux fit into a much

COURTESY OF ANDREW O'BRIEN

BOSTON MARATHON RUNNER WILL RUN HIGH

Although Bill Williams isn't running this weekend's Boston Marathon, at least not on earth, he'll be doing it inside the International Space Station. Williams will be tethered to a treadmill and hopes to break the record for the most number of laps run in space. The orbiting treadmill has been fitted to a gyroscopic leveling system because Williams's giddiness has the potential to actually upside the space station's pilot.



'IT WOULD BE LIKE ME SAYING I'VE BEEN A LE LONG GOLFER BECAUSE I PLAYED PUTT-PUTT WHEN I WAS NINE YEARS OLD'—GOP CONTENDER MIKE JUCKABEE ON RIVAL MITT ROMNEY'S HUNTING RECORD

WADE DURKEEWICZ
A KID FROM INNISFREE
MAKES THE MOST OF IT

During the four NHL off-seasons, The son of the last French great

Indian politics he is at a crossroads quantity. But when Rabah Gan deb named as his local campaign in the state of Uttar Pradesh, his name was almost guaranteed to crowd. Guardian of former game master India Gandhi and son of former prime minister Rajiv Gandhi, Rabah has never made a major speech without an audience. A member of the national parliament, he is an evergreen

remindeer with Nolin painted on his mark won her the next three. Then, but finally, he stopped two of those New Jersey Devils in a shootout to give the Island the Eastern Conference last playoff spot (narrowly edging the Tampa Maple Leafs). "I've been waiting for an opportunity like this my whole life," he said.



"I have been waiting for an opportunity like this my whole life," he said to reporters. "I want to make the most of it."

JEAN-CHRISTOPHE
MITTELBAND
SOPHIE MATEZ FALCONI

RAMU GANDHI A POLITICAL GYMNAST'S NEXT GENERATION

KRISTEN
STRELCHUK
THE CRUISE FROM HELL



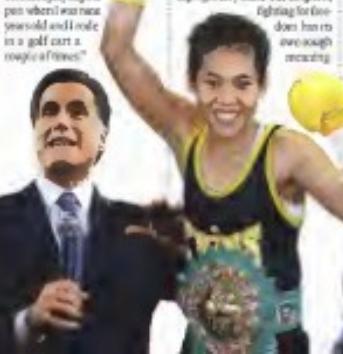
Indira Gandhi and son
former prime min-
ister Rajiv Gandhi,
both have never made a major
speech nor given a speech before.
A member of the national
assembly, he isn't even among

**SAMSON SON
SERIOPORN**
FIGHTING FOR FREEDOM

Former Massachusetts governor and Republican presidential hopeful Mitt Romney has reversed previous stances on gun

Sir Seriportia. The 24-year-old Thus is currently serving a 10-year sentence for drug trafficking and drug trafficking in his high security Kuantan Prison near Bangalore. According to his wife, he was held in front of 700 male gender prisoners and other, Siriportia's closest opponent Ayaka Miyano. Each round was monitored by two female prison officers and a medical officer. That ordinance Siriportia is actually grateful to be held behind bars. "I did not see it as prison," she says. "It might be a bit harsh, but I am safe here."

More than two times. "Not every one is buying the skating story, especially after reports that [Hannay] has never had a hunting license," he says. Anna and Mikel Hawksley spoke up. "It would be like me saying I've been a lifelong golfer because I always play." The Thalassomus department is weighing whether to grant her early parole, and it's a grand jury from Melrose between two owners hoping at long last to bring the team to town.



THE JOURNAL OF CLIMATE

**FREE TURKEY
CAPTIVES FREE.**
TRINIDAD BEGINS



10

she was now writing herself.

music. MacLaine was once Captain's bubble-pant-pap queen. When she became the rose of gossipy *Vanity Fair*, Nowell's oddball consultancy hit her spot, with the cover version of the Black Eyed Peas' *My Humps* (the most inappropriately titled song since Chuck Berry's *My Ding-A-Ling*). The *Pain Is Good* singer, Bungle, performed it as a sex-allowed, watered-down rap. Fox Mortimer sang it as a sex ballad, and her sister's primping video is a spoof of Fergie's sultry dancing. It simultaneously embodies today's pop-words and last year's own expectation for over-the-top singing. The old misanthrope also has a *Yo Gabba Gabba!* and other new respects for people he used to think she was too much—including Freigirl herself, who sent Mortimer a bouquet. Flowers. How appropriate the curmudgeonly one industry "surfs the net" more.



THE BACK PAGES

music

Arielle on Britney
P.M.

film

Hot Puss in a sleepy town
P.M.

tv

South Park's
Babysitter
P.M.

bazaar

Preditors plan theft
P.M.

design

Modernism in Gender
P.M.

feschuk

Election speculation
P.M.

music

"It's important we performers never lose our sense of humanity, and therefore never to underestimate audiences," says Nagano. Nagano was referring to a time and human phenomenon to respond to quality. Given the choice between something of superficial quality and something of high quality, I think it would be for us to say that most people would choose something of exceptional quality. It's just human nature to appreciate that which is exceptional and refined.

Perhaps by now you're thinking: what a pf! And yet it's not so. There is something deeply engaging in just about everything the new music director of the Orchestra symphonique de Montréal chooses to say that "choice" is the right word for it. Nagano doesn't stand on ceremony—it is the difference he maintains of tact between the California rene-

the world's finest and most frequently recorded. During his time at the lead, the orchestra's "voice" and "style" (Ades) have improved. The OSM has no recording contract, but went through four leadership years, culminating in one of the longest cycles any North American orchestra has survived.

"The orchestra isn't—I don't know how you want to call it—a stable around the rest of the Orchestra," says Roberton, a veteran OSM double bassist, adds. "The long intervening years made musicians write: 'It's impossible without a leader to evaluate standards,'" said Roberton, the conductor's principal corroborator. "It's 100 people and if you leave them to their own devices, they change their own opinions, their own way of doing things."

So Nagano's first job was to calm those nerves. This he managed with his very anxiousness. "He's an intense gentleman to work with," says Roberton. "He's an intense gentleman to work with."

His second job is to give the orchestra a personality. But that's from the first night of October, his September liaison, speaker, an amateur mass-culture specialist of the sort only Montreal among Canadian cities can pull off. While thousands watched out side the city's downtown Place des Arts on huge video screens and tens of thousands more watched live or hours on Radio Canada television, Nagano conducted the OSM's piano and chorus in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

But in what would turn out to be a representative bit of Nagano programming, he was not satisfied merely to offer small bands on deck recitals of one of the classical repertoire's most dependable warhorses. The concert opened with Charles Ives' The Unseen Queen, an early-20th-century hit of experimentation in which a lone train



MAESTRO AS MAGICIAN

and his inglorious Stein predecessor, Charles Dutoit—but neither does he have much to choose. His replies in an interview, like his concert programs and the missives he has penned for a great and troubled orchestra, are miraculously plotted and executed. He does not chafe. He replies with little anxiety. And he has a lot to say.

Last September, Nagano began a six-year term as the driving creative force behind Canada's foremost orchestra. He has had a busy seven months. He is about to draw near to his midpoint by taking the band on its first road trip—eastward. From Waterloo on April 16 to St. John's on April 21, "I thought it was important to do that tour of Canada," he said, "because we're in New York, before we went to Japan, before we're in the United States of America." It is perhaps a reflection of Montreal's odd place in Canada that none of Nagano's predecessors ever thought to do the same.

Besides, the conductors that had to travel somewhere. The OSM has had two recessions in five years, beginning with the stormy departure in 2002 of Dutoit, the man who built the ensemble, over nearly a quarter century, from a pretty good regional orchestra to one of WHAT'S SURPRISING about him is how little attention Nagano draws to himself. He is the orchestra's advocate, more than its master.

The OSM under Kent Nagano isn't just resuscitated; it's revolutionary, wowing crowds by playing Beethoven—with a tip of the hat to the Canadiens

BY PAUL WELLS

with all times," Roberton said. "He's very hard-working, he dresses well from people, but his way of doing things is very polite, respectful at all times."

There is something of Nagano's California roots in this. He was born in Berkeley to Japanese-American parents who had spent the Second World War in internment camps. His career, like any from rock conductor's, has gone global—Ojays de Lyon, Hell's Kitchen as Manhattan, Deutsches Symphonie-Orchester Berlin—but his manner is still a European one. You are a maestro, too, Nagano is an aggregation with an ornate mass of black hair, but what's surprising when he conducts is how little attention he gives to himself. He is the orchestra's advocate, more than its master.

And unless you have creativity and spontaneity in a concert hall, an opinion is

poorly received around the stage, playing a quizzical figure that was repeatedly mocked by the other musicians.

This alone would be an unusual twist to the orchestra's troubled night. But Nagano also had his charges play the Fourth Symphony by Glinka Ustropovskiy, a elusive Russian master of 18th-century showmanship. The Fourth Symphony is a kind of tour through the full repertoire of 18th-century string orchestra, only four of the musicians actually play anything: The piece—and the night, and by extension, Nagano's whole tenure with the OSM—became a question of what, while it won't go unnoticed, will take many years to answer: what a player plays for? What is each musician's role? What are we all gathered here to do, when "that" might be, when we come under a shadow cast to participate through our presence in the concert and bring results of symphonic performance?

More than just about any conductor you can name, Nagano seems to question or question that. "For me, it's very important to do anything possible toward a routine, or a pattern, or an expected," he said. "Because to have a knowledge of what's going to happen, to have a routine—there, you could say, are the varieties of creativity and spontaneity."



LETHAL WEAPONRY Nick Frost (left) co-stars with Simon Pegg as bumbling action-movie rookies to a sleepy English village

Hey dude, where's my doughnut?

The blokes behind 'Shaun of the Dead' mix Brit wit with American mayhem in 'Hot Fuzz'

BY BRAD JOHNSON ■ It's spring and a young man's fancy turn to ... anywhere. Or moves about anywhere. Or to be precise, now about moves about anywhere. There must be something in the air. Last week saw the opening of *Groundhog Day*, a droll satire of time that included Quentin Tarantino's *Devil's Own*, an homage to '70s car chase pictures that has film buffs seeing our favorite scenarios. Next week marks the arrival of Edgar Wright's *Hot Fuzz*, which uses another concept to concocting scenes cribbed from the '80s, such as *Loose Women* and *Alien*. Wright, who wrote it with his son, Danny Butterman [Frost], a stickler in uniform who's a huge fan of action movies, and who grew up on *Die Hard* like a puppy dog in the hope he can give him a taste of the gambling life, can choose big *Toto* he's seen in the movie. The sleepy village, of course, turns out to be not so sleepy. Residuals start getting killed off in a series of noisy "accidents," and by the film's final act, all hell is breaking loose.

For a movie that concern you'll have face, what's unique about *Hot Fuzz*—and make the action movies it references—is the detailed depth of character development. Bloody mayhem is essentially rule-conscious, and Wright's leads have genuine chemistry. Pegg is the baronial, the book cop, and Frost the lazy, amorous geek who cousin has into larger-than-life banter. They come across as military guys, not stars—recruiters in buddy banter without the usual female love interest to serve as a foil.

But they're surrounded by a sprawling cast, a village of flat characters that includes Jim, a village of flat characters that includes Jim.



WE'RE STALKING

This one-legged appendage wife of the looted iconic Sir Paul McCartney continued to turn around her reputation with another appearance on *Bringing Up the Brixton*. Her secret weapon: a special artificial leg said to be heavier and more stable, allowing Mills to perform a certain dancing task weeks earlier. Her performance prompted one of the show's judges to declare, "One, two, three legs. I don't care how many. You did a fantastic job."

HEATHER MILLS

Photo: PAUL MURRAY

and she look bad, hit suspension him off to a sleepy, perched pretty-village that appears to be crime-free, aside from the odd teenage shagster and an escaped mow.

As Neekers tries to apply his sporting-writer skills to this hooligan, he's almost laughed out of town. But he finds an ally in his partner, Danny Butterman [Frost], a stickler in uniform who's a huge fan of action movies, and who grew up on *Die Hard* like a puppy dog in the hope he can give him a taste of the gambling life, can choose big *Toto* he's seen in the movie. The sleepy village, of course, turns out to be not so sleepy. Residuals start getting killed off in a series of noisy "accidents," and by the film's final act, all hell is breaking loose.

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But they're surrounded by a sprawling cast, a village of flat characters that includes Jim,

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HOCKING (left) is a regular participant in the show; Matt Stone (right) has the show's foul-mouthed attorney

South Park has a silent partner

Trey Parker writes and directs every episode. So what does co-creator Matt Stone do?

BY JAIMIE Z. WEINSTEIN • There are many different jobs a writer can get in the television industry, but the most fun is also a job where you don't really have to work. In Matt Stone, co-creator of the cartoon *South Park* (which recently started its 11th season), doing a job like that? Or can he be an equal partner in an show without actually writing it?

Rene and Iley Parker have been listed as executive producers of *South Park*, and they appear jointly for most interviews about the show. But Stone hasn't been credited with writing an episode myself. For the last eight seasons, Parker has written every episode, with Stone and a few others contributing ideas but not full scripts. Parker now directs every episode as well. Most of the regular and guest characters are voiced by Parker, though Stone still handles the voices he did in the original pilot. Kyle and Kenny (who no longer gets listed every week) are while Matt Stone is cast the "surprise producer," does he do much to earn that title?

Stone has a secret that he doesn't disclose: Stone is a regular participant in the show. He discusses *South Park* on message boards, a typical posing move. "They write every episode and then does the majority of the voices and most of the music while Matt sits around and laughs at Trey to encourage him." And it's obviously true that Parker is responsible for *South Park's* the crude, foul-mouthed work of art it is, and Stone really isn't. But producing a TV series entails more than just the writing. That's where Stone comes in.

While Parker is handling the creative side of the show, someone needs to put together the other elements of production. That's where Hockings (right) is a show *South Park*, where episodes are routinely written and produced

only a few days before they air. So while Stone occasionally directs episodes in the early years of the show, he's found his niche as the person who coordinates the episodes, making sure they arrive on time and under budget. This is the business side of things, which Parker can't handle because he's too busy writing and directing. Stone has no problem with focusing on his producing duties, he recently told *IGN* that: "I am not a good director, I know that. I am not a very good actor either, and I know it, but it's good to know that."

Another important job Stone appears to have is that of Parker's enabler, his business babysitter. Like a lot of screenwriters, Parker is self-admittedly anti-social, and prefers to stay home and work rather than deal with contact. So Stone does a lot for him: a profile of the man in *Entertainment Weekly* explained that Parker "doesn't like confrontation"—it's Stone's job to fight censorship and contract battles with the network executives.

And he can keep Parker from dying in life when he dies in his writing. As a writer and as a person, Parker likes to say outrageous things to a rare few people. In that falling Stone joke, Stone mentions that Parker went up to someone at a party and proclaimed, "George Bush is a great ass" just to make her angry. Without Stone to act as a go-between, you can imagine how Parker might say something

to try to get a network executive angry. It's a relationship reminiscent of Larry David and Jerry Seinfeld in the early years of *Seinfeld*, where the ditomatic Seinfeld smoothed things over for his volatile co-creator David. Every artist needs someone to protect him from himself.

And, finally, Stone has an important but annoying job: dealing with the media. When an episode sparks the controversy that Parker clearly craves—like this year's episode where the Queen of England comments twice and Hillary Clinton has a nuclear bomb hidden in her engine—Stone gives the interview explaining that there's all in the show, and when voice actor Hayes MacArthur does the show over again on *Satellite*, it was Stone who went to the press and remarked that Hayes "got paid increased refugee sensitivity when he was in his religion compared to the show." With Stone to diffuse the controversy, Parker regime can be able to get away with offending everyone all the time.

What Parker and Stone's relationship demonstrates, then, isn't just that the former is a much talented writer (or, at least, more interested in writing). It's that the less creative partner can perform an almost equally essential role. Without Parker, *South Park* would never get written, but without Stone, the episodes would never get made, and the show might have been canceled years ago in making a good television show there are even more important things than creativity. ■

ACCORDING TO TV... HILLARY CLINTON

"The big story in the presidential campaign is how much money Hillary Clinton raised. She raised a total of \$36 million. Hillary has so much money John Kerry is hitting on her." —Jerry Lewis
"People are under way for a movie about the Clinton Whitehouse scandal. They're trying to get Charles Dennis to play Sean Heffington. If that happens, Bill Clinton will play himself. The part of Hillary! There's going to be played by Nedra Lieu." —Leesa

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HEADS ARE DAZZLED with more delicious mimosas than Jason Bonis' Asian Martini. Many are loaded with vicious parrotfeathers.

Next best thing to a pet dinosaur

These prehistoric, paranoid, and insanely
slow-growing plants can fetch up to \$20,000

BY KEN MACQUEEN • When it comes to surviving in this crazy old world, few things match the longago, bloody-minded resilience and mean sex life of a weird family of plants we often know as cycads. Oh, the stories they could tell. Some 200 million years ago they covered the earth. They were dinosaur food, until the dinosaurs died off. They survived ice ages, volcanic eruptions, continental drift and clouds of nuclear dust. They even coped with inundation, until cycads (pronounced *si-kadz*) became one popular for their own good. Gnarly, leathery and bristly, cycads may yet be their undoing.

If they survive, it will be because of people like Lori Pickering, owner of Jurassic Plants Nursery near Fredericton on B.C.'s Sun shore Coast. Her online business (jurassicplantsnursery.com) may be Canada's only prehistoric nursery, although there is a cult of cycadophiles in tropical and subtropical regions of the world. Pickering says her first cycad while visiting a friend in California. "I was fascinated with the beauty of these plants, which survived for about 300 million years," she says. "Today, because of human activity, 32 per cent of them are threatened with extinction in the wild."

She started growing her own in 2002, since then sees the size of small chicken eggs, as part of an effort to propagate the endangered cycads. She now has 20 varieties for sale, though some have reached sexual maturity. Some cycads look like palms, others like ferns or horsetails. In fact, they're more closely related to conifers. They're not an easy sale, though. Cycads don't flower. Many are short, drab and ridiculously slow-growing. Pickering's largest plant is over a metre tall, her smallest, tiniest one fit in a dinner plate.

It'll wait 1,000 years to see some at their peak. One reason, in fact, was a long-lasting intent to communicate a death threat and move on life of a weird family of plants we often know as cycads. Oh, the stories they could tell. Some 200 million years ago they covered the earth. They were dinosaur food, until the dinosaurs died off. They survived ice ages, volcanic eruptions, continental drift and clouds of nuclear dust. They even coped with inundation, until cycads (pronounced *si-kadz*) became one popular for their own good. Gnarly, leathery and bristly, cycads may yet be their undoing.

There are prehistoric plants, and then there are prehistoric plants, and with sea urchins, if bunches of hungry seastars weren't bad enough, who a prehistoric cycad, they followed. Part of the attraction is all that organic stuff that has been going to a prehistoric cemetery for millions of years. Some spore massive, colourful, phallic-shaped cones weighing in at up to 40 kg. The male plants are notable for their swimming sperm, a rarity in the botanical world. A species of cycad, in fact, is credited with the largest sperm of any living organism. Insects do the pollinating by shuffling between male and female plants, driven by the heat and scents given off by the cones when they're in the mood to reproduce. Then there's the ancient parasitic. Pickering's most expensive plant is \$175, but some mature species fetch US\$30,000. Therein lies the problem.

But poaching has reached epidemic proportion. The renowned Fairchild Tropical Garden in Coral Gables, Fla., pointed

of US\$25,000 worth of cycads were stolen in 2002. "I feel like my children have been abducted," Fairchild's horticultural manager Craig Alles. Thieves struck again in 2004, when the gardens were cleared by an evicted owner in hormone-fueled frenzies barreled toward them. Poachers raked the deadly weather-beaten fronds and dug up 15 species. Fairchild's director, Mike Maunder, speculated the haul, worth tens of thousands of dollars, in a black market shopping list for a "fossiliferous collection in a private garden somewhere."

There have been outbreaks of thefts in both public and private gardens in California. A recent gardening feature on cycads in the Los Angeles Times was notable for the fact that none of the private collectors quoted the location of their gardens made public. Some were protected by double fences, security cameras and guard-dogs. South Africa, in an attempt to deter poachers, implants microchips to limit the number of cycads it allows for export. International operations have been measured. One realized Peter McLeans, an Australian import and author of *The Cycads of Central Africa*, his part in a \$1-million smuggling ring.

Pickering says she's never heard of why thefts in Canada, partly because cycads, with the exception of the popular Sago palm, are rare here. While some grow in southern Ontario south coast, S.C., most are kept indoors—safe from lawns, gardens or digging vegos.

WHAT THEY GOT FOR IT THE KNIGHT RIDER CAR
A relisted muscle car featured in the 1980s TV series *Knight Rider* is for sale in a California auto show. This four-car unit from the series, "KITT," is a black Pontiac Trans Am. It comes with an authentic "steering light" and features two video screens on the dash. White leather, polyurethane and rust-proof buttons are marked "KITT ready." "You can't beat it," says its owner, who says they actually do nothing. Here's a selling ultimatum: \$350,000.





ADS FOR CANADA: Gander was the prototype for a '90s-era nationwide airport redesign program meant to reinvent our image.

An airport that time, happily, forgot

For design aficionados, Gander's languishing air terminal is a forgotten modernist treasure

BY NANCY MACDONALD • A major rally was held at Newfoundland's HNL Gander on March 25 in honour of the Gander International Airport, a local legend whose fate looks grim. Expenses are outrunning revenue, and the quiet Newfoundland town could soon close. A 400-strong action committee has sprung up in response. Together with their airport advocacy, it hopes to convince Ottawa to step in. A couple of thousand Newfoundlandlanders rely on the airport and related businesses for jobs. But the small movement has also attracted the attention of a more unlikely group: architects, art historians and design aficionados, who consider Gander's forgotten terminal a national architectural treasure.

Most of the country loves Gander because the spot where 18 commercial jetliners were grounded after 9/11, one the cruise ship "Consort of the World," a critical refuelling stop for transatlantic flights in the '70s. But, designed in 1959, the airport is also the single most important modernist room in Canada, according to Alan C. Elder, curator of the Canadian Museum of Civilization.

The mezzanine-level VIP lounge features chairs by Charles and Ray Eames and Danish design star Arne Jacobsen. Robin Bush, then among Canada's premier designers, lent her iconic Promised Resting, in blue and grey, to the minimalist lounge. The powder-rose leather-and-wood chairs used during filming above the yellow and green geometric patterned terrazzo floor in a 72-foot-long flight and its allegories is likely the biggest pinching ever done by Kenneth Loachhead, a founding member of the Septe Five, influential artists who brought modernism to Canada, now with Robin Wright.

The gloriously festive design was coldly

eternal. In 1959, more than 400,000 passengers passed through those gates. For years, the terminal at YQX was their first glimpse of Canada. It was an introduction that often left short of spectacular. (British novelist Christopher Isherwood recalled that Gander's "bare white writing hall, with its aisle of simple refreshments, seemed very much a transit post.") But then Canadian airports were uniformly shiny. Saturday Night magazine pronounced them "among the world's best." The Globe and Mail deemed them "quaint," singling out Gander.

In response, the feds undertook an early, ordinary, crass country airport redevelopement program that started in Newfoundland and moved west. Gander was the test case. For its makeover, the Department of Transport commission the firm Johnson and Finey, with the stated goal of projecting a "humane, imperceptible, forward-looking image of Canada." There was no accounting to popular taste, explained architect Stanley White, who was part of the art committee.

The '60s air-traffic program coincided with a period in which, cultural historians note, Canada came of age. The one-new-outpost was spilling outwards. Mother England's shadow, shrinking still. "Like those old teen movies of the era, instead of *Hey Gang!* Let's go or *she's* it was more like, *Hey Gang!*"

BAD TASTE... MARSHMALLOW-PEEPS DIORAMAS

"Marshmallow Peeps," the U.S.-candy-shaped Re-chicks and bunnies, have become popular with crafty makers. So much so that one newspaper sponsored a diorama competition featuring Peeps. One finalist was an all-marshmallow recreation of Marilyn Monroe singing Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend. Then there was a scene showing the life of Maria Antoinette; its creator was ambivalent about being a finalist. "It sounds like 'kinky cat lady,'" she said.

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GET INSIDE WEEK AFTER WEEK

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for sure
this spring.
Unless it,
um, isn't.



SECRET

SCOTT FERCHER It's become to my attention that a small number of members and certain individuals performing domestic acts are extremely anxious that there may be a federal election during July. (That means they are also anxious that there may not be a federal election this spring, which wouldn't be so bad except that the election may actually occur this fall—unless something happens, or something being in effect now becomes the fall. It sure is fun to know what will or won't happen.)

Continuing speculations about the timing of the next election is the most exciting thing to be Ottawa since that time Jack Layton dropped his pen and Ross Antoniou said to him, "Hey you dropped your pen," and then Jack said, "Oh, thanks." (That was mistake!) It's also much fun that everyone in Ottawa is now either a fan or hating him. Kennedy's new book has sold over four million copies since he first self-published it in 2007. The book has sold all the way to No. 3 on the list of fun things to do in the nation's capital (holding steady at No. 3 reading Peter MacKay's single red rose and signing the card "Love, Myron"). Meanwhile, the National Research Council is currently investigating claims that spending a lot of time on the internet can actually be even more fun than learning the mathematical formulae for equalization while listening to Kenny & Diane back about.

Election speculation constitutes just series of newspaper and huge chapters of literature and is just like actual news in every way but without the *timeliness*, *news*; part-literature about a potential electorate educated by such traditional journalistic tools as "sound reporting" and "reliable gathering"; that don't feel by the scanning gaze of the present, resulting an election speculation story in a perilous endeavour and should be attempted only by compensated political reporters who have their own opinions and have got, and who methodically

Follow this five-pointed star!

1. Dramatically declare that an election will definitely possibly happen this spring perhaps
 - 2. ... unless it doesn't.
 3. In event of a tie, argue that the election will undoubtedly and without doubt award that full, unless 2. happens again—in which case, 3.001
 4. Conclude with some astute political insight along the lines of "Time will tell," or "Guan will see, eh?"
 5. Notice that it's 11:30 a.m.—knock off for cocktails and a nap.

being a Super Genius. The media have been that Harper is a Super Genius ever since last election, when he routinely came to back of the campaign plane and planted a smile and gave the impression that he was a guy who had the assembled journalists except that after the election he immediately started running them like crap again. Believe me, the media are firm in their belief anyone capable of maintaining the image would be some sort of Super Genius. Or at least a guy who has seen the movie *Die Hard* way, very formidable.



Election speculation: More fun than sending Peter MacKay a rose signed 'Love, Myron'

now makes a spring election more likely. That pulls aside a spring election issue. Merly. The fact that the kids of hard working political correspondents are going on their nerves and what these hard working political correspondents want more than anything else is a five solid weeks on the campaign trail so they can get drunk every night and watch baseball part II at 10:30 on Saturday night a spring election more likely.

The tribute aside, I have one criticism of the national press gallery. I know you are right when you say that thanks to your tireless, receptive and outstanding efforts, many more now know the next election will be either this spring or this fall (or perhaps winter or spring or next fall) as the following winter or spring time thereafter. So thanks for that! But I have entirely unexplored has been speculation about when the next next election will be. Why wait? I say... spring, 2011. Your fault!

Everyone agrees that an important factor influencing election through Stephen Harper

Personally, I've never been contented with Stephen Harper's Super-Green. Consider his record: in 2004, Harper referred to P3 libertarians as a child's playground, then in 2006 Harper referenced Stephen Harper as a talking sympathetic. That didn't make any sense to me, even if you're political opposite thinks that after you've played the child term on the same logical known as the assumption of credibility. The talking points are not compelling.

—My opponent has expressed his disagreement with me on this important issue,

—Therefore, my opponents makes it no
harmful results.

By the way, most therapy rates in the fall. Political correspondents, like me, for what it's worth ■

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THE VERDICT IS IN

Despite winning an Oscar nomination for *Half Nelson*, Canadian Ryan Gosling doesn't look, or act, like a movie star. To play him, and not a few genuine celebrities to boot, he's one of those rare, quick-witted character actors who can step into a lead role as if it was written for him, and leave you wondering, "Who the hell was that?" With his unusual features and milky-light eyes, Gosling (he's a younger, edgier Edward Norton), Andie MacDowell, an elegant legal-adjunctive fracture, resembles Picard from *The Next Generation*. And like the Starfleet captain, he's a bit of a know-it-all. But he's also a bit of a know-it-all. Despite his apparent lack of self-awareness, he's a very good actor.

In Frasher, a hot young Los Angeles prosecutor named Willy (Gosling) square off against a wily defendant (Anthony Hopkins) who has shot his estranged wife at point-blank range and signed a confession. The case looks like a slam dunk. It's Willy's one big gig for the DA before he tries up to a nasty job with a corporate law firm—and he's already shooting with his new boss. But the defend-

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SMOKIN' TUNES

After Nowhere With You was featured in a Zellers ad last year, Helflin's *Jud Plunkett* regulars his smile edge with *Ashley Book*, filled with perfect pop songs about two musicians and the woman who breaks up the band. *While Nothing More Is Said*.

is a beautiful violin-led track, *Orchard Bouquet*, with "You know, gavins, seems like a perfect trailer Park Bay ambera. Jeff Morris

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Unlike mass-market jigsaws, these Puzzles ([www.toy.com](#)) trick the eye with handmade wooden pieces such as "phony corners" that don't lie on the edge. These tabletoppers aren't cheap—the 48-piece "Ladybug" (left) costs \$12.99.



After a few driving sessions in his trusty machine, is a trickster. Representing himself as one, he plays Willy like a good-natured blindfolded oyster opponent. Preston's plan has him round the edges, but who along sensually. The kid's look, class anxious design preys on feelings of E.A. architecture, from the villain's glass mansion to the cores of Frank Gehry's Disney Hall. As a smart yet callow lawyer looking at the blueprints, Goo

ing projects a leathery incisive And for Ziegler—desecrating his Hamlet-like role as a tormented godzilla—he makes a worthy match.

100K1

THE PLAY'S THE THING

foreign policy. On April 16, 2003, the author's (Aysha) Muslim explores the actions within the Muslim world in *Faith Without Fear*, in part through debates about Islam with her devout mother.

100

PLAQUE A PITTURA

ACKS A PUNCH
As with a lot of over
seed DVD boxes,
the eight hours of
extra material
translates into *Nine
Just the Best of
the Larry Sanders
Show*. Blame regular

an over-night appeal to band-core fans. While Gary Shandling's botched interview with Alec Baldwin includes some flat moments, the best part of this collection is the 23 original episodes of the show. Shandling's show-within-the-show concept was ingenious, and, more importantly, wildly funny. *Critic's Choice*

DENIS PIERRE FAUCON

1961-2007

He was an athlete and a cameraman with a passion for the perfect shot, if only in his mind's eye

Denis Pierre Faucon was born in Blind River, Ont., near Sudbury, on July 24, 1961, to Cleon and Raymond Faucon, a legal advisor and an accountant. Denis was the oldest child, four years older than his brother, Al, and five years older than his sister, Nathalie, who was also born on July 24. From the time they were little, Al remembers Denis as gregarious and energetic. "His afternoos was Denis the Man," Al says. "He was macho-like, but he always had a smile to get himself out of trouble." Denis was also a natural-born orator. "He liked to emcee, to push the envelope, in every aspect of his life," Al says. When he played hockey as a boy, he was a competitive forward. He learned to love the Ottawa Rough Riders when the family moved back to Ottawa, and took that love back to the Sudbury area to become a regular in the Timmins High School football team.

Those years were a popular time for Denis. He was good-looking, and liked to wear his hair fashionably long. "He took good care of himself," Al says. "He was well dressed, well groomed, and he tried to have as many girlfriends as he could." Denis also loved nature and reflected about 12 million falls of leaves. In Grade 11, he became fascinated with electronics and radio station equipment.

Denis graduated from Grade 12 and went to Canadian College in North Bay for two years to study radio and television production. Before he was out of school, he landed a job as a cameraman at a local TV station. His energy and his ability to get good action footage took him to jobs with CTV, Global and CBC, both on staff and as a freelancer, travelling to the U.S. S.E. in 1987, and within Pan Am and Olympic games. Bob Faulin, a Timmins-based Rogers Sportsnet broadcaster, met Denis at CFCT-TV in Montreal 20 years ago, where he was already one of the most requested cameramen in a pool of eight or 10. "He had spirit," Bob says, "and it became obvious right from the start that he was a very good shooter. He would get you off different angles, he would get you enough footage that the story had everything. He went like a man than most people did all day." Denis' friend, Theresa Millof, was there last summer for a visit and he was already praying for snow. "I was like, are you crazy? It's August," Theresa and her husband were supposed to visit again in late March, but they had to cancel. Denis decided to go to Whistler, B.C., instead.

He packed his skis in his jeep. He took a still camera with him. He said Al would also go along to take the West Pacific Trail on the west side of Vancouver Island. On the morning of April 4, Diane Curran of Port McNeill was walking on the trail with her mother. She saw a man sitting way out on the black volcanic rock near the ocean as the surf was crashing in. No one knows if that man was Denis, but Bob, for one, can't understand him being there. "It could have been the cameraman in him," Bob says. "He could have been trying to get that perfect shot in his mind."

Denis always turned high, Al says, for something more dramatic, and his max was terrible and frantic. Bob remembers the time Denis caught a pach in the head during a warm-up at the Olympics in Salt Lake City, but wouldn't relinquish his camera. "Cameras are different," Bob says. "Denis wanted the shot everybody remembers."



In his time off, Denis drove fast cars—he once owned a Mercedes 3.5—partied with a crowd of friends, and went hard on his athletic room. He learned to play golf, passionately. Always. He played three on three basketball. He does, he likes, he measures. Always. Says his friend and former colleague, cameraman Graham Donald of Donres, "He loved nature. He always liked to be out in nature." Another friend, Global TV cameraman Mike O'Toole, adds that Denis, as much as he thrived on the excitement of a sports event, also loved to sit alone and contemplate the day. "He would go and pick a real good spot and suck all the energy out of the spot," he said.

Two and a half years ago, Denis decided to leave Ontario, Alta., an annual trip to the West Coast (he loves it), and decided to move here. When Bob heard about the plan, he says, "I went, 'Wait a minute, you just took all that time to get established in Ontario and get on all the right call sheets.' Denis said, 'I'd don't do it now, I regret it forever.'" It was a risk, but "if there was a scale of risk, oh my," Al says. "He would be in the top half." But, always, Denis sought adventure.

In Canmore, Denis lived in a beautiful home with a view. "He would send an email and say, 'I was out for a hike this morning, or I got up early, sat on my back deck and watched the sun come over the mountains while I was having my coffee, and then I went to Banff and hiked and slept for the morning, and I came back and went for a mountain bike ride and I went to Calgary to shoot a game," Bob says. "He would do more by 9 a.m. than most people did all day." Denis' friend, Theresa Millof, was there last summer for a visit and he was already praying for snow. "I was like, are you crazy? It's August," Theresa and her husband were supposed to visit again in late March, but they had to cancel. Denis decided to go to Whistler, B.C., instead.

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At 11:45 a.m., the Uchuck RCMP and the Canadian Coast Guard found Denis' body floating in the ocean near Amphitrite Point. He was 45.

BY BARBARA NIGHTHORN



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Right after that, a server overheated and he spent the day shopping for fans.

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